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TO-MORROW.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY MRS. MARY M. GUNNISON.

I know not if to-morrow
Will bring me care and sorrow;
I would not look before to know
The path in which my feet may go.
I shall be safe, if hid with Him,
Whether the day be bright or dim.

I would no trouble borrow
Of the day we call to-morrow;
But just go on, and patient wait
The opening of the future's gate,
Whether the sky be bright or dim,
Trusting all my days with Him.

What matter if the morrow
Shall bring me joy or sorrow—
I hide my head, and, trusting, rest,
For all my days I know are blest;
And, whatsoe'er the morrow bring,
I wait His coming 'neath His wing.

Why should I trouble borrow
To cloud an unborn morrow?
My days are His, His hand can guide,
And whatsoever may betide,
Beneath the Eye unsleeping
He holds me in His keeping.

York, Pa., August, 1875.

AFTER SEVEN YEARS;
OR,
AUNT MARY OF NORTON.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY VIDA VARRIE.

PART FIRST—CONTINUED.

The first half of the term was near its end when Tom received the disastrous intelligence that his brother had met with a misfortune which would disable him from work for the remainder of the Winter. He had crushed his foot in the mill, and what little money he had kept by him would all be required to settle the doctor's bill.

Tom brought the letter from the postoffice and stood by the kitchen-fire, looking the picture of woe when Mamie appeared.

"I'm sorry for poor Jimmie," she said, when she had finished reading the letter which Tom had silently handed to her. "But don't worry, Tom; it won't make any difference to you. Aunt Merrill expects me to look out for myself now, so I can do what I please. Tom, listen. I've made a dollar a week steadily ever since you commenced going to the academy, and I didn't begin to sew all the spare time I might; and with what I have already, there'll be plenty to pay the bill when the term is ended, and you may pay it back when you choose."

This time Tom didn't reject the offer. The hand that had worked for that money seemed his own. He clasped it fast and pressed it against his burning cheek, but said nothing, and Mamie understood it was settled.

Mamie's only leisure for sewing was evenings, which had usually been her principal hours for study; but from the time Jim's letter arrived she entirely abandoned home study, and devoted all her spare moments to work. Even late into the night, and though compelled to rise so early, Tom would see the light burning from the window in her room, and he knew how she was agonizing in the cold, too, for her room contained no fire, and Mrs. Dickson would never allow her to sit up down-stairs after bed time; but at any remonstrance Mamie always declared that she was saving upon her own account, since Tom was to return the money some day.

There being no session at the academy on Saturdays, Tom was always at home on that day, while the village school in Norton held a forenoon session; so, one Saturday morning, Tom went down to pay the old widow what he owed her. The old house was a red frame building, in the heart of the village, with two entrances—one for boys, the other for girls. Tom entered softly at the boys' door, intending to slip quietly and unostentatiously into the nearest seat, and listen to the recitations of his old schoolfellows, the chief among whom, of course, was Mamie, who was unaware of his intention. As he opened the door he beheld a sight that rooted him to the spot. Standing in the middle of the floor, in evident deep disgrace, was Mamie Hackett, and before her the master—a tall, raw-boned Yankee, about thirty-five years of age—holding in his hand a long and thick ferule.

"Now, you, Mary Hackett," roared the master, in a great passion, "I told you—didn't I, hey?—that if you missed your g'ography lesson every day this week, as you did every day last week, that I'd give you six blows with the ferule, one for every lesson you handed in wrong?"

He paused for an answer, and, none coming on the instant, he rapped the culprit's knuckles with the end of the ferule, and startled from her a fearful and plaintive "Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, Mary Hackett, I shall keep my word, and let this be a warning to you for the future. You've been a very bad girl. Now hold out your hand, Mary Hackett."

The master stood with his back to Tom, and Mamie was too deeply in trouble to see anything but the instrument of torture in the master's hand. Meanwhile, Tom, with both hands clutched behind his back, leaned against the door as if to keep the form entered. On the instant it all had flashed before him. Mamie stood there in disgrace for his sake—for him she had neglected her lessons and incurred the master's displeasure; but Tom was thoroughly disciplined to obedience and self-control, and the thought of interrupting and interfering with the master's authority was as appalling and as abhorrent, that he stood witnessing the scene in agony, till Mamie's plaintive wail aroused his soul to action, and banished irresolution. He saw the trembling hand, that had worked for him, extended to receive the cruel blow, saw the master's arm raised to inflict the pain; he attempted to move and speak, but the effort failed. Down came the ferule, the hand flinched and turned over, and the weapon fell with a ringing blow upon the knuckles. Mamie cried out with pain, and Tom knew no more after that, but the schoolmaster had fallen beneath the force of the thrust, and pounded him till he called for help, and the older boys dragged Tom away. When he regained his self-possession he found himself surrounded by the whole school, and Mamie at his side crying bitterly.

Tom was booked for desperate deeds this day, and as he took Mamie home, in some way—he could never remember how it was done, or what they said—they both, under the excitement of this stormy scene, solemnly dedicated themselves to each other for the remainder of their lives on earth, and, in their ardent enthusiasm, they even went so far as to make a like engagement in the hereafter.

Mamie never again returned to the school, but, instead, Tom devoted an hour every evening, and the greater portion of his study hours on Saturdays and Sundays, to her instruction.

Then came examination-week at the Academy, and Tom reaped a rich harvest, being promoted at the head of the class, with the highest average ever obtained in the school, passing above pupils who had studied there two years; and in testimony of his extraordinary success the faculty presented him with a complete edition of Shakespeare, the first gift ever bestowed by them on an undergraduate.

This distinguished mark of approbation threw Mamie into ecstasies, filled Tom's mother with vanity, and even compelled from his father a growl of satisfaction. But reverses soon came. A week had scarcely elapsed before old Dobbin fell on the ice and sprained her leg, and then the house was filled with strife. The old man said: "It was just what he expected, and now there was an end to this tomfoolery."

But Tom was not so easily vanquished. Dobbin was not likely to be fit for service under a fortnight, but he resolutely set out on foot the next morning, despite all remonstrances, though he hoped to find a chance to ride, a part of the way, at least.

It was a cold day in February, and the snow was deep, but frozen and firm under the foot. No signs of dawn appeared when he started. He trudged along three miles till he came to the cross-roads without seeing a soul; but the sky was beginning to look lighter, and Tom thought he could see something approaching. He watched a minute and discovered a load of hay drawn by horses. It might be going to Chesterville, or it might be on the same road to Fairfax; so he waited till it reached the corners, and was prepared to turn out to Chesterville.

"Hallo!" he shouted.

"Hallo! yourself," returned the driver.

"Give us a lift?" answered Tom. "I'm going to Chesterville."

"Jump on," replied the man. "You wa'nt going to walk?" he said, as Tom accepted his invitation.

"Yes, if I couldn't find a chance to ride."

"Well, young feller, you're a spunky chap! You'll be President of the United States some of these days. I glory in your grit."

But Tom wasn't always so fortunate. The greater portion of the time indeed he got a "lift," but several times he walked the entire distance, and when the old horse had entirely recovered, it was only after a sharp family skirmish that he was enabled to gain possession of her again.

Poor Tom was sorely afflicted by all this domestic strife, the perpetual jars, fault-findings, reprimings, and melancholy forebodings.

"Mamie, do you know what I like best about you?" said he one day when they were studying together. "It's the sunshine. If I saw you look cross when I look at you, it would congeal every drop of blood in my heart. I think my wife—when I and mother wouldn't scold and fret so much! Poor mother! it does seem as if she lives to fret, and father lives to growl."

But Tom and Mamie survived it all. Summer vacation arrived, and Tom left the school-room and betook himself to the scythe and rake. He had successfully negotiated with his benevolent preceptor for his time till he attained his majority, and now hired himself out to a neighbor for the Summer, and when the Summer was over he entered upon his second and last year at the academy.

Tom was meditating great projects. Only Mamie knew all. He meant to leave Norton and go forth into the great world and carve out a name for them both. To leave Norton, where they were born, and had lived always, and knew everyone, and everyone knew them!—it was a great deed. True, not a square inch of the land nor a twig of the trees was their property, yet they owned the whole town. The little church where they had recited their Sabbath-school lessons since childhood, the old schoolhouse where they had romped, and studied and suffered "the condign;" and every house, and tree, and the brooks, and fences and moss-covered walls, the gates and door-posts, and every object seen a thousand times over, and even the old graveyard, but, more than all else, the faces of the people—all seemed to be theirs. It was a great undertaking, but Tom had resolved, and Mamie consented.

The second year was nearly finished, and Tom was soon to graduate, when a great sorrow fell upon him. He lost his mother. He loved her with all his heart, and grieved deeply for his loss, and she, poor woman, had loved Tom more than the rest, and the morning she died she beckoned him to listen to her, while she whispered, too weak to speak aloud:

"My son, your mother has worked hard, early and late. When your father and I was married, my boy, I had three sheep for a wedding-present, and your father had only seventy dollars; but the Lord was kind, and He prospered us, and we bought this farm here in Norton—not all at once, but a few acres at a time. We cleared off the woods and drained it, and set out the orchard, and built a small house; it wasn't till after you was born, Tom, that we was able to build this house, and then, the next year, the new barn. Now, Tom, there was only twenty-four hours in each day both for your father and me, and I was always up first and abed last. I worked always and never was idle, only when confined with my children, and God knows that's no leisure. Well, Tom, your father he says he owns more to-day than any two in Norton can buy, and now I'm an old woman, and I'm dying, but I can give my sons none of this. But your father, when he dies, he can make a will and not give a cent to the children I bore him in pain. If he pleases he can leave all to strangers. That's the law, aint it, Tom? Well, Tom, go to the cupboard at the foot of the bed, unlock the little drawer on the left—here's the key under my pillow. Now hand me that purse, there, made of green silk. I've saved this, Tom, spinning and knitting. All the money earned went to our living till, a few years back, I began to lay by a few silver pieces unbeknown to your father. It's a hundred dollars, almost—'twas ninety-eight, Tom, the last time I counted it. If I left it there in the drawer it would be his, too; so I give it to you now, Tom, before it's too late. Now, Tom, call your father and I'll tell him, to save trouble when I'm gone; but be good to your father; he is rough sometimes, and unkind; but his heart is good at the core."

Poor woman! hard work, and cares, and frettings, and a joyless life had ended her days long before she had reached her threescore and ten.

Finally, Tom graduated with the highest honors, and then, with nothing but his brains, his education, and his indomitable spirit, besides the little purse of money which his mother gave him and a letter of introduction from the principal of the academy, he prepared to set forth for the great metropolis.

When he came to complete his arrangements with his father, that cunning old fox displayed his matchless financial skill in all its beauty.

His faith in Tom's ability to support himself in the city was exceedingly limited; besides, he might fall into vice and throw off his obligations to his father. It had already been agreed that until he returned for Mamie she was to remain at the farm in charge of the house, and, of course, was to receive wages.

"Now, as long's you two are agoing to splice," said the crafty financier, "what's the addo who has the money—you, Tom, or Mamie? 'Spose I don't pay Molly any wages, and instead of that let her work out your board? Cad. Stocker's got a likely hair and pony, tu'nal on my part, for *she* can't do the work you could. Now, look here, I'll tell you what I'll do. Tom, you owe me for two years' time already. It's two more to your coming of age. Now, I'll *give* you your time from now till you are twenty-one if Mary will do the work of the house without wages till then, to pay up for the two years you owe me for already. Come, what do you say? Yes or no?"

Tom stood listening aghast at the proposition and was speechless, but Mamie promptly cried out:

"I'll do it, Tom; and the money you would otherwise have had to pay for your father will be saved up to begin housekeeping on."

"There's a sharp girl!" exclaimed old Dickson in glee. "She's too smart for you, my lad; she beats you all holler in 'rithmetic, any day. Tnere you stand as dumb as a post, while she—why, she's as bright as a dollar. Come, come, Tom, what say ye?"

"Why, father, I can't do it," faltered Tom. "Let Mamie work out *my* time! I can't, father! Are you afraid *I* won't pay you, sir? I hope you don't think that. Is that the reason you ask Mamie to give up *her* wages? Father, don't ask me. I can't do it," and Tom turned away to hide his distress.

While all this was going on the old man and Mamie settled the matter between themselves, and Mamie ran off to pacify Tom.

"I've made the bargain, Tom—it's all settled. Your father was kind, indeed, Tom, for now we have only two years to pay for instead of the whole four, and now you will pay by the money, Tom, instead of me—that's all the difference; and what matter if it's for us both in the end?"

"There's a moral difference, Mamie," groaned Tom. "It crushes my spirit to feel that you are bound for my debt. You are held in bondage for my freedom!"

Tom finally agreed that Tom, as soon as he was able, should send Mamie the money to keep for their joint benefit, and this money was to be equal to the wages she sacrificed.

At last the day came for Tom's departure. All his earthly possessions had been carefully packed by Mamie into the old leather-covered trunk, and the hired man took it down-stairs and put it on the wagon. Tom shook hands with his father at the door, while Mamie climbed into the wagon, for she was going to Chesterville to see Tom off.

"Be a good boy, Tom," the old man said. "Don't fail to profit by the example your old father has set ye. Remember t'aint book learning, Tom, that ll make a man of you; you've got to put your shoulder to the wheel and work like a tiger. And look out you don't get a liking for strong drink. Keep away from grog, Tom. And Tom, you remember, I guess, what the children say when they play hunt the button. *Hold fast what you've got, and catch what you can.* Take that for one rule of your life, Tom, and you'll come out at the top o' the heap. Good-bye, my boy. God bless ye, and don't forget your old father."

Tom's voice was choking him, and he was obliged to cut down the reply he intended to make, but he managed to say honestly:

"You'll take good care of Mamie, father, won't you?"

"Oh, don't you be afeared about Mamie—*she'll* be all right," cheerily responded the old man.

"You won't let her work too hard, will you, father?" anxiously pursued Tom.

"Oh, now, never you consarn yourself on that score, my boy; Mamie 'll be all right, won't you, Mamie?"

Mamie sat perched on the back seat of the old wagon, trying to keep back the tears, but she called out cheerfully:

"Oh, yes, indeed, sir—you're always clever to me."

"There, there, you hear that, Tom, you hear that?" cried the old man, patting Tom on the back as he prepared to take his seat by the side of Mamie.

"Yes, father," hoarsely murmured Tom. "I don't see how anybody can help being clever to her;" and though he tried to say more, his voice failed him, so he told the hired man he was ready, and away they started for Chesterville, where Tom was to take the afternoon train for New York.

With the hired man on the front seat, and the old trunk in behind them, Tom sat by Mamie's side while they passed through the village. It seemed to him that he had never noticed so many objects of attachment before in his life as they drove down past the little white church, and by the old graveyard where his mother was buried, and then by the red schoolhouse, where he first learned his letters, where his last crowning act was to thrash the grim schoolmaster; then over the road he and Dobbin had traveled two years, and by all the farm-houses, whose dim lights had been beacons and landmarks to him those cold, dark mornings; and as one by one these familiar sights sped by him, they seemed to be fast flying back into the past he was leaving.

So they rode on, he and Mamie, and at last the Academy loomed up before him; and it rushed back over his mind how, many a time, he had been cheered by the same sight before, when half frozen and ready to fall off old Dobbin's rough back. To him she was the true *Alma Mater*, and he pulled off his cap while the old wagon lumbered by.

At last they came to the depot, and Mamie was trembling and crying. Tom was pale now, and his voice faltered, but he resolutely repressed his emotion and begged Mamie to cheer up; two years would soon pass, and in that time, at the utmost, he should return and take her away; but his voice quivered, he pitied her so, left alone without him at the farm, and she, forgetting herself, pitied him, that he was going alone so far off among strangers.

There was an hour to wait, so they wandered off by themselves, and talked over their plans, hopes and wishes, giving each other a thousand charges, and again renewing their promises of devotion; and Tom resolved, then, to try very hard to come back for Mamie even sooner than he had promised; but this he forebore to mention, for failure would bring her such a mournful disappointment; still he ventured to cheer her with the promise to return for a short visit next Summer. Before they knew it the hour had expired, and they had only half said all they intended, when a shrill whistle startled them, a low rumbling was heard, then the loud clattering sound of the approaching train, and it thundered in full view, dashing up alongside of the platform, the locomotive madly puffing and shrieking. Tom clutched Mamie's hand, his face convulsed with pain, and as pale as marble, and implored her not to grieve so; but Mamie's eyes seemed starting from the sockets as they fixed, in terror, on the horrid, screaming engine, and, and nearly throwing her arms around him, in a frenzy, she cried:

"O Tom, Tom! it'll be the death-blow to our love if I'm left behind. I know it, I feel it, I'm sure of it. O Tom, Tom! take me now!"

"All aboard!" rang out from the train, and Tom tore the frantic girl from his arms, kissed her agonized face, and sprang into the car, and the poor girl, in speechless agony, sank down to the ground, writhing, and wringing her hands.

PART SECOND.

"Mamie Hackett, what in conscience's name do you mean, acting so?

Mamie was aroused by the voice of Billy Hopkins, the hired man, and as she gazed around in bewilderment after Tom, she saw the long, black train just vanishing from sight way down the road, and in a moment more the tall, sunlit hills concealed it from view, and then she turned away with a stifling sensation and allowed Billy to put her back in the wagon.

"Mollie Hackett, I wouldn't have believed a sensible girl like you could have acted so," continued Billy. "I swow, I thought I'd kerdunnux, I was so ashamed o' you."

Like all Yankee girls, Mamie was, indeed, ashamed of her tears, which she did her best to conceal, while the old wagon lumbered back over the road to Norton; but despite her efforts her eyes were suspiciously red when she reached home, and as soon as she appeared before the old man he ridiculed her weakness without limit.

"Bah! you bawl-baby!" he exclaimed. "You *might* cry if you'd been sending your beau off to sea or to war, but there aint a mite of excuse for you as 'tis. Come, brace up, and show your grit."

Aided by Billy Hopkins, the old man teased the poor girl at every opportunity, but in this apparent addition to her miseries she really found diversion from her grief, for it was not by any means terrible to Mamie to be chafed about a departed lover.

Tom had been gone four days when Billy Hopkins, with many grimaces and winks, tossed a letter into her lap. Mr. Dickson made a feint of snatching it, and Caroline Stocker, who was spending the evening with Mamie, joined in the chase and pursued her to the door; but Mamie darted off to her room, lighted her candle and was soon eagerly reading as follows:

NEW YORK, Sept. 3, 18—.

MY POOR DEAR MAMIE: There, that's the first line us! I have been three hours in the city, found a boarding-place, and am now—guess how high up. You can't! Four flights of stairs, Mamie! and a sitting-room and bedroom window looking skyward, and the trunk your dear little hands packed so carefully has been irreverently banged about till at last it has arrived in my room, and before doing another thing I want to tell my story to you. You don't look I saw on your face, Mamie, when I was compelled to rush from you so cruelly, I shall never forget to my dying day. Two days after I have been away I think of you from alone at the farm. If poor mother were only alive, how much better I should feel about you. But, Mamie, cheer up, and when you feel lonely and gloomy think of the future, and I am certain you will feel better. Think of next Summer, when I shall do my best to come back on a visit, and then think of the time when I shall come back to take you away altogether. What if you and I are poor? We have worked up to carry me away was the most horrible thought that could have issued from your mind. Heavens! it makes my hair stand on end to remember it. Were I to meet such a calamity as that, I should lose all ambition and energy. I should never be able to fight the world successfully, for it is only the though: of you that stimulates me to action. I hope you'll write to-day, Mamie, for I long to hear and tell me how long you cried after you reached home, you poor dear.

As for me, heigho! didn't I feel blue, though, as I saw the hills around my birth place fading away in the distance? Still I had a pleasant journey, and enjoyed the scenery as much as was possible, feeling, as I did, that I was being wrenched away from you, and you were being taken back to Norton. I know how you felt, and would have given worlds to have been there to coaxsole you.

Here followed a detailed description of the journey, which Mamie valued chiefly for the "dear Mamies" it contained.

The first thought that struck me [continued the letter], as I stepped from the train, pushed and elbowed by the eager throng of passengers, was that people in a city insensibly acquire the vice of selfishness. Everybody is intensely anxious for number one, and in the contest that ensues each prefers his own comfort and happiness over the joy of everyone else. I felt, Mamie, as a lunatic. Mamie, but I actually stood still in the depot to watch the people as they crowded out. You know how the pigs act, Mamie, when they see persons coming to the pen with their dinner; how they tumble and scramble over one another to be the first at the trough? Just so the people behave in a great city. Had I been a starving youth, I should be disposed to feel chilled and forlorn to discover how utterly regardless of each other's well-being everyone seems; but instead of that, what do you think, Mamie? I have made up my mind that I am in love with a shoe and pair of legs! (You won't know me when I get back—bristles will grow out all over me!) Why, Mamie, I begin already to see I am green and countrified, for what do you think? One of my landlady that I was from New Hampshire, she exclaimed: "Oh, you're a Yankee!" and it gave me a dreary feeling of being, would you believe it? almost among foreigners That's not right. We are Americans, all of us, and I hate to feel myself in a strange country.

To-morrow I commence my *real* adventures, and then I will write again. Keep your courage up, dear, and all you can, don't fail to write at once, and believe I love you as many times more than ever, as there are inches in the distance between me, Chesterville and you.

P. S.—Mamie, I am not going to be jealous, but if Cal. Roberts imagines you will forget me in my absence, he will come over to the farm, trying to ingratiate himself with you. I'm a jealous dear, as you have had occasion to do so, I trust you will not allow him to console himself with the thought that you can endure him in your sight. I know you will never forget me, dearest Mamie, but I want *him* to get a clear and realizing sense of it, too. Good-bye. TOM.

When Mamie came to the end of the letter she began at the beginning and read it all through again, and laughed and cried over it till she heard old Dickson calling to her from the foot of the stairs impatiently:

"Hullo! what's Tom got to say? Fetch down the letter and read it to us," and then Mamie heard a low chuckle.

She looked hastily in the glass, and, finding her eyes disreputably red, blew out the light quickly before she opened the door, and then she replied:

"He sends his well, and sends his best respects, and says he hopes you're well."

"Humph! does, hey?" But though the words were scornful, the tones were self-complacent. "Well, is that all?"

"No, sir, 'tisn't *all*," and again Mamie drew upon her imagination for what Tom *ought* to say. "He says if the crops don't turn out as you expect, he'll be very sorry for you."

"Tell him I'm much obliged, will you? And, look here, tell him I hope he'll come out all right, too. Has he found anything to do yet?"

"Not yet, I guess; he hasn't said so."

"Well, can't you come down and read us the whole letter? Cad. Stocker's waiting to hear it, he, he, he!"

"Plague take Cad. Stocker!" exclaimed Mamie, under her breath. "I declare I'd entirely forgotten her." Then, calling to the old man, she said: "Tell Cad. to come up, won't you?"

The next instant Caroline Stocker, though morally certain she was exceedingly unwelcome, came flying up the stairs and bounced into the room.

"My sakes! where's your light?" she exclaimed. "The candle's burnt out," returned Mamie, "but the moon makes it light enough to talk, does'nt it?"

This justifiable misrepresentation of the facts failed to deceive Miss Caroline, who immediately proceeded to fumble around for a match, which, being found, produced sufficient light to display the tall candle on the light-stand. Then she sportively gave chase to Mamie around the room, till the two closed in a fierce combat for the letter, and Mamie, being near defeat, compromised by promising to show the address and signature, Caroline giving the most solemn promise never to reveal it to any living being; and the next day, by half-past three o'clock in the afternoon, every man, woman and child in Norton knew that Tom addressed Mary Hackett as "My poor, dear Mamie," and signed himself "Eternally thine."

When Caroline took her leave, she and Mamie embraced with an affectionate fervor, and as the door closed on the departing guest Mamie murmured "Good riddance," etc., and sat down to write Tom a letter.

First she read his all through again, and then she practiced penmanship on a piece of waste paper, writing all over it, as follows:

"Mr. Thomas Dickson, Mrs. Thomas Dickson, formerly Miss Mamie Hackett. Mr. Thos. Dickson and Miss Mamie Hackett were this day joined in the holy bonds of matrimony by the Rev. Mr. Somebody or other."

Her pen having by this time been fully tested, she took a long breath and began her letter.

NORTON, Sept. 5, 18—.

MY DEAR, DEAR, DEAR TOM.—I feel perfectly glorious because your letter came this evening. I've got bushels to tell you, Tom. You can't imagine how perfectly horrible I felt till this evening. I thought I should die, Tom. I knew I can't live through two years, but I gave you my word I would try, and I will. Your father and Billy torment me to death. I don't even have the privilege of crying all I please—they plague me so about red eyes.

Aunt Carroll was over yesterday, and told me Cal. Roberts said in their hired man's hearing that I would never be married, Tom. He said you would never come back. Now, I'm going to pay Cal Roberts for that, Tom. If he dares come here, he'll see how mighty cool some folks can be! Oh, you don't know how mad I was, Tom. I was angry with William," "Hopscotch" and "Pedro"—Byron also died.

We now come to the poets of the present day. The first but not least we shall call your candid and serious attention to is the brilliant young poet and actor, Haven De Claudius. Reared in the lap of luxury, after completing his education at Harvard he graduated at Yale College with high honors, and at once leaped into public favor. He was at one time the intimate friend of O. W. Holmes, Longfellow and Saxe; but they, becoming jealous of his remarkable success, united to crush him, yet without avail. De Claudius, having spent many years in the interior of Africa, has written agreat deal about birds and beasts. His first poem, which occupied many volumes, was entitled "Daniel in the Lions' Den." He also wrote "The American Eagle," "Jonah and the Whale," and "All the World's a Fleeting Show." Besides being a poet of rare merit, he is perhaps the best classic actor of the age. The shrewdest managers of both continents have offered him fabulous sums for long or short engagements, but the enormous revenue he derives from his pen precludes the possibility of his accepting any offers. De Claudius still lives.

The next eminent author that commands our attention is the learnedand authentic D. H. Bodges, C. L. A. Through this popular writer is the author of several stray poems, he is better known as a historian, his works being remarkable for veracity more than for research and force of thought. His latest, "The History of Modern Amazons," has been translated into seventeen different languages and has run through twenty-nine editions. Bodges is still young, and a brilliant future is before him. The execution of his chaste life and correct habits is invaluable to the rising generation. It was at one time contemplated to call him as a witness in the Beecher-Tilton trial, as it was urged that on such a subject he is an expert; and as his truthfulness was undoubted, what he said could be relied on. Should his extreme modesty not had prevented his expressing himself, had he been called the case might have assumed quite a different aspect. It is reported that he is preparing himself for the ministry. Rev. Dr. Chalmers, who preached a short time ago, is at present distributing tracts and preparing the way for a celebrated New York pastor, who is visiting the principal provincial cities—Bodges cannot act.

We cannot close this review without devoting a few lines to Josephus De Marstan, whose name is dear to the American people. The most talented author is the writer of the poem commencing:

Lo, the poor Iakir, whose tutored mind
Sees blunt before and hears blunt behind.

Also of the poem ending:

The sacred words of sure or pen,
Are what is and what might have been—Brown.

The most noticeable feature in Josephus' character is his generosity. His hand is always open to help struggling genius. He but recently that to his influence and aid he raised from obscurity a wagoner and put him on the road to fame and fortune, asking nothing in return but the satisfaction of knowing he had done his duty like a man and a brother. He is the author of nearly all the virtuous maxims so often quoted. Prominent among them is: "Policy is think we can both look at the world fairly in the face." He spends his leisure hours in investigating the resources of the Nile, but has lately been rendering his valuable services "without money," but not without price. Josephus is also famous for his manly beauty and fine muscular development—he cannot act.

MISS JULIA MATHEWS,
ACTRESS AND OPERA-BOUFFE ARTISTE.
(FOR BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH SEE ELSEWHERE.)

A REVIEW OF ANCIENT AND MODERN POETS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY BLOSH WODGETT.

Shakespeare was probably the greatest poet that ever lived and, I might add, that ever died; for Shake's, alas, dead. Shake was born in the year seventeen, about a mile and a half from Jersey City. His first (and I am sometimes inclined to think his best) poem was written in the early part of the year twenty-nine, while attending college at Salt Lake City. It was entitled "Mary Had a Little Lamb." The man who can read this touching poem without shedding bitter tears one moment, and laughing outright the next, is a brute, or would be had he the necessary amount of instinct. In this poem he tells of the little Mary going to school with the beautiful white lamb following—emblems, both, of purity; and as we follow them in their innocence we find the lamb in school, and here the master-mind, to show us that even at this early age children were prone to forget the rules of school, says: "It made the children laugh and play to see the lamb in school." And now another character plays before our imagination—the cruel teacher. "The teacher turned him out." The lamb did not go off and play, as many would have expected, but staid by the door till Mary came out, and then "went home with her." We must not dwell on this touching episode longer.

Shake's next great poem was entitled "Twinkle, twinkle, little star," written while he was studying medicine in Oshosh. He afterwards wrote "Beautiful Snow" and "Now I lay me down to sleep." Shake died in the house in which he was born. He was never married, but devoted his life to poetry and medicine—he could not write a play.

Our next great poet was Byron. He was born some time before Shake, but history does not tell us exactly when. He was born in the central part of Ireland, but came to New York a short time afterwards. His first poem of note was "He never smiled again." This was written concerning Thomas Allyenus, on the memorable occasion of his once giving satisfaction with his performance and his distribution of key-rings, and being able to leave the hall by the front entrance with safety. "Not a squeal or a kick!" exclaimed the classic Thomasena. "Can it be possible I have degenerated into a square fakir? Horrestor half a key-ring shall be their portion! I can never smile again," he swore with a round oath, but added: "unless asked."

If Byron had been born in New York, and had there not at that time existed a bitter feeling against foreigners, this poem would have been considered at least equal to anything Shakes ever wrote. By, also distinguished himself by writing several plays, among which are "Ring Around a Rosie," "King Solomon of Broadway," "Ten Nights in a Bar-room," "Around the World in Eighty Days," "Humpty Dumpty," "Mary Had a Little Lamb," "Jack and Jill," "Hey Diddle Diddle," "Little Bo Peep," "Little Boy Blue," "Old Mother Hubbard," "Old King Cole," "Old Dog Tray," "Old Black Joe," "Old Folks at Home," "Old Man Kentucky," "Old Man River," "Old Man Trouble," "Old Man Eloquence," "Old Man Dickson," "Old Man Clipper," "Old Man Sprague," "Old Man Rice," "Old Man Wheatley," "Old Man Hamlin," "Old Man Mazeppa," "Old Man Rip Van Winkle," "Old Man Jarrett," "Old Man Hackett," "Old Man Forrest," "Old Man Booth," "Old Man Barrett," "Old Man Davenport," "Old Man Wallack," "Old Man Burbank," "Old Man Thompson," "Old Man Bateman," "Old Man Mitchell," "Old Man Lingard," "Old Man Hooley," "Old Man Haverly," "Old Man Wood," "Old Man Simmons," "Old Man Hill," "Old Man Hyde," "Old Man Bennett," "Old Man Hall," "Old Man Hoey," "Old Man Hart," "Old Man Hanlon," "Old Man Hamblin," "Old Man Hanley," "Old Man Hanford," "Old Man Hanaford," "Old Man Hanaway," "Old Man Hanchett," "Old Man Hanchette," "Old Man Hanchette's Band," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys," "Old Man Hanchette's Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band Boys' Band," "Old Man Hanchette's 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NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 11, 1875.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information intended to only through this department; no answers by mail.

DOCROS, Cincinnati.—"1. Brown beats Smith the Cincinnatis will beat the Stars, and Smith beats Brown the Stars will beat the Cincinnatis. Who wins? 2. Clark beats Harris the Cincinnatis will beat the Stars. Who wins? 3. Davis beats Rossell the Cincinnatis will beat the Stars two to one. Who wins? 4. Perkins beats Watson the Cincinnatis will beat the Stars five runs. Who wins? 5. Wilson beats Marsh the Stars will bet make six runs. Who wins? 6. Allen beats Andrews the Stars will make five or more runs. Who wins? 7. Peterson beats Ferguson the Stars will be whitewashed eight times. Who wins? The score was:

Cincinnatis.....	0	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	6—	10
Stars.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—	0

8. The umpire decided it a drawn game. 9. In answering these questions, please to publish as written, and with your answer after each question. I have given my answer to some of these, but, knowing others differ, I would refer to you at the request of several. Please decide them according to betting or sporting custom, and do not refer to baseball rules.".....1, 2, 3, 4, 5. When bets are drawn. The captains of the nines, each anxious to avoid a defeat, mutually agreed to abandon the contest and requested the umpire to call the game, no matter for what reason he chose or not. Their agreement to abandon the game was enough—it was not necessary to request the umpire to call it. Had both clubs, or one, refused to go on with the game, and the umpire, unsolicited by the two captains, had called it because he thought it too dark to play longer, Bet No. 1 would have been a draw, Clark would have lost No. 2, Davis would have lost No. 3, Perkins would have lost No. 4, while Wilson would have won No. 5, Allen No. 6, and Peterson No. 7. 6, 7. These bets stand. They are to be decided independent of the general result, and the record with respect to them could not be changed if the clubs had kept on playing for a week. The bets *did* make "five runs or more;" and the Stars *were* whitewashed eight times notwithstanding it took twelve innings to do it in (the playing of fewer than eight would have voided this bet). On the other hand, had not the game been abandoned, it was possible for Brown, Clark, Davis, Perkins, and Wilson to have won their several bets, or some of the five gentlemen could have won, and others have lost. The agreement of the captains to quit after the twelfth inning has precisely the same effect as if they had agreed to quit after the seventh inning, when the score was 4 to 3. Outside bets on the result would have been off, since they are not subject to the mere caprices of ball clubs, but are based upon games played as far as rain or darkness will permit. Where one club, having begun a game, declines to proceed with it, bets on the result go, as matter of course, to the backers of the other club, subject to a score of 9 to 0; but where both clubs decline to play further, bets on the result are won by neither, no matter what the score. 8. The umpire's decision is final, and cannot affect it. A loser.

DOCROS, Cincinnati.—"1. Brown beats Smith the Cincinnatis will beat the Stars, and Smith beats Brown the Stars will beat the Cincinnatis. Who wins? 2. Clark beats Harris the Cincinnatis will beat the Stars. Who wins? 3. Davis beats Rossell the Cincinnatis will beat the Stars two to one. Who wins? 4. Perkins beats Watson the Cincinnatis will beat the Stars five runs. Who wins? 5. Wilson beats Marsh the Stars will bet make six runs. Who wins? 6. Allen beats Andrews the Stars will make five or more runs. Who wins? 7. Peterson beats Ferguson the Stars will be whitewashed eight times. Who wins? The score was:

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LEE, Phila.—1. James Hamill first became prominent as a sculler by beating Hon. Tom Doyle and other good 'uns in a two-mile race at the Boston, Mass., regatta, July 4, 1862. In September following he defeated Josh Ward in races of two and three miles at Philadelphia, thereby becoming champion. On July 23, 1863, he lost the title to Ward in a five-mile race at Poughkeepsie, N. Y., but regained it by a victory over Ward, on the same water, September 30, 1864. He again defended it for the championship, July 19, 1864, at Pittsburg, Pa., and save when, in May, 1867, it was taken from him by the late Walter Brown, from whom he regained it September of the same year (both races being decided on fouls), Hamill held the title of champion sculler of America until the summer of 1868, when he forfeited it by refusal to accept a challenge from Peter Conlon, who had been beaten by accident at Philadelphia, June 19, of that year. 2. On July 4, 5, 1866, Hamill rowed an international match with Harry Kelley, champion of England, over the Lachine course, at Newcastle. He was easily beaten in both races. 3. The result of those races caused some of his backers to withdraw their support, but from our knowledge of his calibre we did not lose confidence in him, we do not now believe, the reports circulated against him.

H. M., Massillon.—1. Winfield Scott was lieutenant-general by brevet only. 2. He was commissioned a major-general by brevet 16 March, to date from July 25, and a full major-general in 1841, to date from June 25, on which day Major-general Alexander Macomb died; and in February of 1828 was lieutenant-general by brevet, to date from March 29, 1847. 3. George Washington was the first lieutenant-general, Congress having on July 3, 1798, made it his highest rank; Winfield Scott is the next. 4. Grant was the second, his commission dating from March 2, 1864. Congress had revived the grade, and on Feb. 26 President Lincoln approved the bill. Grant having been appointed by the President, the Senate confirmed him on March 2. The President personally tendered him his commission on March 10, and on March 11 issued an order appointing him to the command of the armies of the United States.

P. R.—The English yacht Cambria arrived at this port July 27, 1853, having taken in the celebrated Yacht Dauntless in a race from Daunt's Rock, on the Irish coast, to Sandy Hook lightship. She was beaten by nine American yachts in the race for the America Cup, Aug. 22, 1870, won by the Magic, and was subsequently beaten by the Palmer, Madeleine and Phantom, in match races at Newport, R. I., Aug. 17, and Sept. 9, and by the Dauntless in a 40-mile race outside of Sandy Hook, Oct. 13. She did not meet the Columbia and left for Cowes, Isle of Wight, Oct. 23, 1870. The Livonia, also belonging to Mr. Ashbury, arrived here Oct. 21, 1871, and on Nov. 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 14 of that month occurred the series of races between her and N. Y. Y. C. schooners for the America's Cup. The first and second were won by the Columbia, the third by the Livonia, and the fifth and sixth by the Sappho.

D. A. R.—The records of the trotters mentioned, the places of performance, and their owners' names, are as follow: Goldsmith Maid, Fashion Course, Long Island, Sept. 2, 1874—Henry N. Smith; American Girl, 2:16¾, Island Park Course, near Albany, N. Y., Sept. 25, 1874—William Lathrop, Buffalo, Aug. 19, 1875; Judge Harker; Occident, 2:16¾, Sacramento, Cal., Sept. 17, 1873—Ex-Governor Stanford of San Francisco; Dexter, 2:17¾, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug. 14, 1867—Robert Bonner; Lady Thorne, 2:18, Cleveland, O., July 28, 1875—W. H. Humphreys; Bodine, 2:19¾, East Saginaw, Mich., June 24, 1875—H. C. Goodrich of Chicago; Flora Temple, 2:19¾, Kalamazoo, Mich., July 31, 1859—John Turner of Philadelphia; Rarus, 2:18, Buffalo, N. Y., Aug 7, 1874. J. S. Wade of Indianapolis.

SPECTATOR, Cobbleskill.—"In a game of ball between the Actives of Cobbleskill and Atnoenos of Oneonta, at the beginning of the seventh inning the Actives were at the bat, with a man on first base; ball was pitched and strike called by the umpire; ball batter, the catcher of the Atnoenos, came in home. The Atnoenos claim that it was a foul tip, put all to first base, claiming runner out, and refuse to proceed with the game unless the decision of the umpire is reversed. The umpire refuses to reverse his decision, and calls 'play,' which the Atnoenos refuse to do. On the sixth inning the score stood—Atnoenos, 9; Actives, 8. Now, how does the ball take no cognizance of betting. If they did, it would be impossible to have them as to perform "Macbeth" without the presence of the 'Thane of Cawdor."

CAPT. A. H ROGARDUS, the champion, gave an exhibition of his skill with the shot-gun at Jones' Wood Colosseum Sept. 4, he undertaking to kill fifty birds in eight minutes, the pigeons to be let off in pairs, and the captain to load his own gun. To the astonishment of the large crowd present, he succeeded in accomplishing the feat, the time occupied being but seven minutes and thirty seconds. He shot at sixty in all, ten of them being only slightly wounded. Previous to this exhibition, a rifle-contest took place between Rogardus and Thomas Broadway, who fired fifteen shots each from the same gun, a Remington rifle, at 100 yards distance. The bull's-eye was an inch and a half in diameter, and scored 18 points, concentric rings three-quarters of an inch in width counting 17, 16, 15, and so on down to zero, the highest possible score being 270. Broadway won by a score of 253 to 248, he having made four bull's-eyes and two 17 s; Rogardus, who was altogether unaccustomed to this sort of shooting, scoring three bull's-eyes and four 16's, though he twice set off his rifle sooner than he intended.

TALBOT VS. BURRITT.—The match for $250 a side, 25 single birds each, 30 yards rise, 80 yards fall, Long Island Gun-club rules, between Dr. Talbot of this city and J. Burritt of Philadelphia, the former to use 1¼oz. of shot and the latter 1¾oz., was decided on the grounds of the above club, Dexter Park, Long Island, on Friday, September 3. Burritt was the favorite at the odds of $100 to $80; but after a very exciting match, in which, after shooting at twenty-six birds, he was one head behind, by a single, the score at the close being 24 to 23 in favor of Talbot. Immediately afterwards another match was arranged between them, to shoot at fifty birds each for $1,000.

THE BENNETT CUP value $650, was shot for by members of the Narragansett Gun Club at Newport, R. I., Sept. 2. It was a handicap, $10 entrance, ten singles each. English rules; 40 per cent to second, third to save entry. Eighteen contest, and J. F. Sands (77 yards) won, killing all his birds. E Stevenson (27) and H. Bloodgood (38) brought down nine apiece and E. W. Davis (28) and Perry Belmont (25) each killed eight. Stevenson was awarded second money. This was followed by a handicap, $5 entrance, five singles, in which P. Belmont won, after shoot-off, killing all his birds, he having been handicapped at two yards, Stevenson, each killed eight, Belmont killing seven, and Davis six, and thereby being

I'LL NOT FORGET THEE, DEAR!

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

I met thee first in such an hour
As love and joy perfume retain;
'Twas Sunday eve and in the shower,
When smiles were said of little pain;
But fast they grew upon my mind—
The tender tone, the pleasing smile—
And still are near, though far behind;
I'll not forget thee yet awhile.

Again I saw thee in the dell,
And spent a merry time, forsooth,
And felt the deep entracing spell
Irradiating all thy youth;
I saw thee free, and gay and good,
Renouncing foolishness and guile,
The sweetest bird in Summer wood—
I'll not forget thee yet awhile!

We parted then, as all must part,
Desiring future day to bring
Again the joy to happy heart,
That made the woods and welkin ring.
I trust to see thy form once more
Appear like some far-blissful isle,
And lead me safe from sea to shore—
I'll not forget thee yet awhile!

West Randolph, Vt. WM. BRUNTON.

DECAPITATION ON THE SCAFFOLD.

THE GUILLOTINE WITHOUT THE KNIFE.

A MEMORABLE EXECUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

It is a memory of my years of boyhood—this dark and tragic shading mingled with the bright fancies and impressions of that happy time.

To the reader who has not lived or traveled upon the Niagara frontier—that portion of it commencing just below the whirlpool, and extending to the nearest borders of Lake Ontario—some description of the country will not be out of place. About a quarter of a century ago, and within the boundaries named, the murder and execution to be related in this narrative took place. The story has the merit of being "an o'er-true tale," and the ravages of time may yet have spared a few of the prominent actors in the drama—living witnesses of that startling denouement, all unexpected and terrible as it was, which took place within the court-yard of the old red jail, on that fine Summer's morning, now over "twenty golden years ago."

I have been vividly reminded of some—to me—forgotten incidents of the trial and execution, by recently meeting the clergyman who attended the culprit in his last moments. Venerable yet still hale old man, tottering age doth not yet wait on his footsteps, though he has passed the span allotted to us all, the rubicon of life. I mind him in the days of "boy-violined youth," when he and "Joe and I was Bill;" but widely sundered and widely different have been our paths and duties. The artist who may take his stand upon the frowning vantage-ground of Queenston Heights, choosing his appointed time during the balmy days of Summer, and looking down upon the ever-changing scene of land and water which lies spread out before him, will find, I think, not in this land of ours a worthier subject for his genius.

He must display in the centre of his picture the gleaming bosom of that mighty and majestic river to which the grandest cataract in the world pours on forever, the hastening flood of waters crowding forward from the inland oceans. He may blend the tranquil beauty of the fair pastoral landscape on either hand with the grand and the sublime, for these features are not wanting.

He may suspend the suspension-bridge in the face of the eternal rock, and, though the web-like structure may have vanished, the anchors and the rock remain.

This, also, is historic ground. He who writes American history must visit here. There British and American troops met in the shock of battle. Here, over that dizzy precipice which overlooks the river, was driven a body of troops to a death more dreadful than falls to the lot of the soldier on the field of carnage. On the highest eminence here stands, or did stand, a monument to the British General who fell in the War of 1812. Only his remains, with those of a brother officer, McDonald, lie beneath the base of the shaft.

One could stand upon the railed summit of the column, and see, on a clear day, the headlands of Toronto, forty-four miles distant. When the writer saw the monument it was a shattered wreck. Conspirators and gunpowder had attempted the work of the Commune, but, unlike the communists, had failed to level it. So far, then, and thus briefly, have I attempted some description of a land so picturesquely beautiful. Presumably, it is a digression from the line of story, yet it is one which those loving the scenes, and cherishing the memories of early years, will readily pardon. I could not pass it by nor feel that I deserved the brand which the Bard of Abbotsford invokes for him who does not love his "native land."

I resume to my narrative by the relation of an incident which introduces "the villain of the plot"—Thomas S—n.

He was not at this time a murderer, though if after my escape from him on the night in question I had so judged him, I would not have been wide of the mark. I also started one morning, alone for an excursion to Queenston Heights and the villages in the vicinity; came to my destination on a steamer, and towards evening was reminded that it was time to return, but on coming to the landing found the boat had gone.

The alternative of remaining over night was considered and rejected. I decided to cross the bridge and walk down, a distance of seven miles. It was late when I commenced the journey. I had not traveled the entire road at any time before, but was well acquainted with the "homestretch," on the miles home. It was a fine moonlight night, and, though the fact was cheering, I judged that before I reached the "oak-woods"—a portion of the route included in the last two miles—the moon would be well down, and the sombre stillness of the midnight time would cover the face of nature—the "oak-woods." There were legends of dark and direful deeds associated with the place; but legends only, I thought. Yet I had known the locality as the scene of a sad tragedy, where a wicked horse had "bolted" from the race-course which skirted the edge of the "woods," and, taking his mad way right through the forest, dashed his fearless rider against a tree and crushed his life out. I was not superstitious—had never been—and, though I would see that night a pale horse with a phantom rider careering through the gloom. I had known the "oak-woods" as the trysting-place of a band of robbers who were not phantoms, and who, after committing one dasterdly deed in that vicinity, vanished for ever; some to the great world, and some to the confines of a dungeon. Lastly, like the companions of my boyhood, I had sat in the depths of the "oak-woods" in the daytime, talking to "Old Moses," a veritable wild-man-of-the-woods, a type of the patriarch Israelite seldom met with. He was harmless when not opposed, and we always kind to him. Long-bearded and hairy, in tatters, with a pack upon his back, he would be to a stranger an unwelcome apparition, especially at night. The woods which I must pass through, if containing nothing worse than "Moses," I would not complain. It was to the immediate vicinity of a notable spot for murder, for strangers and spoils. But if the walk before me seemed invested with a spice of danger, 'twas all the more inviting. I walked with a free, elastic stride, very fast withal, making a race against time, as I had set my mind on being at home at a certain hour. Farm after farm was passed in quick succession, and clumps of trees, with their clustering foliage, were unmolested, though at other times and more opportune hours my dare-devil comrades of the apple-orchard forlorn hope had scaled those fences, had boarded the lion in his den, and carried off prized trophies from those trees, all the sweeter in they were forbidden fruit.

Sturdily I came on, and was within a quarter of a mile of the oak-woods, the only barrier now between me and the open plain. The road had been lonely all the way. I had met no one. From my exertion for the past six miles, I was perspiring freely. Looking ahead, I could see glimpses of the white, sandy road, mingling with the deep shadows of the trees on either hand. Checking my pace a trifle, I turned aside instinctively to find some weapon. I found one in the shape of a good stick, and was about resuming my walk in the middle of the road, when I was startled by a sound which that long-silenced and time thrilled me like an electric shock, and I presume that each individual hair rose right up.

It was a human voice, but more like the roar of a wild beast. It came straight from the heart of the shadowed road, and nearer each instant. Not losing my self-possession, and deeming discretion the better part of valor, I stepped quickly from the road to the shadow of a high fence adjoining, and, crouching close against it, waited to see the owner of that voice. I was not certain but he had seen me, but I would wait the issue. I stood not more than ten feet from where he would pass me, should he keep the centre of the road. I had one foot well advanced in the direction of home, and was bound to go that way, even should he not be alone.

I had not long to wait. First the shadow and then the form of a man I had never seen before—wild, savage and hideous in aspect, he seemed the impersonation of the pirate and brigand I had read of. Certainly, he was not an object calculated to inspire friendly advances from me at such a time. I felt not the slightest solicitude about his health, and would not inquire in reference to it just then. On he came, muttering incoherent threats and curses. I watched him closely. It was evident he was not aware of my presence. Even in my frame of mind I took a mental photograph of his appearance—nor form or feature was left unstudied.

On he came, near me, now abreast of me, then by me. I breathed freer. The passage of the woods was open, and I moved on carefully at first, never taking my eyes from the stranger. My footfalls could not be heard, and an instant more I would have been in the soft road-bed, when I suddenly stepped upon a bramble, which broke with a sound like the report of a pistol. The stranger stopped instantly. It was his turn to be surprised. I did not stop, however, but walked swiftly forward, not intending to run should he not pursue. He glared at me, and his glance was returned. I regarded him as a tiger from whom it would not do to turn the back. "Hold!" he shouted. "Stop, I say. Won't you stop?" he vociferated, seeing that I heeded not and made no answer. Without waiting further he sprang towards me, and I felt that a race for life had opened. Why should I stay and confront him? It were a new version of the struggling without the sling and stone against the armed giant. No; if I could not outrun him, I could stand at bay as a last resort. The chances of being beaten in a race by him never crossed my mind. I felt confident that his hands could never touch me, if it depended on his speed. I was the belt for speed in the games of our Athletic Club, and I felt I should on this very interesting occasion demonstrate my right to retain it, or die. My grim pursuer was close upon me, and I bounded along the road. I could hear his maledictions and threats of vengeance. I had passed the boundaries of the oak-woods, and now it was plain sailing. I was just upon the verge of the race-track where Maria Sheldon, Orphan Boy, and Culpepper, the blooded racers of the period, had won their triumphs. The associations connected with the ground inspired energy and effort, and I struck the track with a spirited and exultant feeling. Looking back to see how my antagonist was progressing, I was cheered to see that the gap was widening between us, but until he recognized the fact I would not check myself. The pace, it was plain to see, was killing him. It could not last. I heard him grumble something and stop. Instantly the sharp crack of a pistol and the whizz of a ball close by me was an invitation to stop which passed unheeded. I could not reply in the same manner. It was the impotent expression of rage and disappointment.

In a few moments I was beyond the reach of any such consequence as he might send after me, and now I broke with victory and confident and careless, I sat down to regard his movements. I saw him turn away with fierce gestures, and proceed slowly upon his journey. I followed in musing after this manner:

"Who was this man? Would I ever see him again, and, if so, would I know him?"

I did see him after the lapse of a few weeks only, and under circumstances which shall form part second of this narrative.

PART SECOND.

Through a deeply-wooded slope of ground, which makes off from the precipitous mountain-faces which go to form Queenston Heights on the Canada side, a troop of idle school-boys were wandering one quiet Summer afternoon. They were going to the river to bathe, but the sport and fun they had promised themselves was deferred indefinitely through their sudden discovery of a dark and appalling crime. It came first to their senses by an offensive odor which tainted the air about them, and they looked to find the cause of it.

There, prone upon the ground, half hidden by leaves and underbrush, in a semi-nude condition, lay the body of a young and apparently well-favored woman.

The head and face showed signs of the violence which had robbed her of life. Horror-stricken and surprised, the boys rushed off to alarm the community.

Soon came a response. The authorities and adults of both sexes hurried to the scene. Each viewed the body, and talked as people are wont in places where great crimes are of rare occurrence. One remembered the disappearance of a woman some time before, but had been informed that she had gone away. Another that, in passing by the mountain road, on a certain dark night weeks before, he had heard voices in altercation, but, on stopping to listen, all was still.

No one then on the ground recognized the body, but a revelation was in store for them. A few hours later a young girl came that way hurriedly, and, on seeing the remains, uttered a loud shriek as she exclaimed:

"Oh, my God! Why did my father tell me she had gone over the lake? Poor Mary! Mary O'Connor!"

Then, abruptly checking herself, as if she felt she had said too much, she remained quiet outwardly, but betrayed signs of violent internal emotion. All this time sharp, searching eyes were upon her.

She had, indeed, said too much for the safety of one between whom and herself the ties of natural affection should be strong. For him she had been indiscreet, yet had not said enough in the cause of retributive justice. Yet hold! little more was necessary. A man in the crowd moved slowly to her side, and, seemingly trying to assuage her grief, asked adroitly:

"Where is your father?"

"He is gone over—the—lake long ago," she answered in a dreamy, absent manner.

He who asked those questions might be seen a few moments later pacing the deck of a fast steamer that went speeding lakeward. He had a far-off look in his eye. That his mission boded ill to one unfortunate whose hands were imbrued in blood was certain, but you could not guess it. He wore many disguises in days of intrigue and form—was dreaded, feared and hated by all ill-doers.

The scent of the sleuthhound was not more keen, the spring of the panther not more sudden and pitiless, than his. Many were the victims that paid his yearly tribute to the dungeon, the scaffold, and the rope. He had not "worked them off," but he was always there to see. Omnipresent, ubiquitous as fate itself, unrelenting and inflexible, was the stern soul, the iron hand of Ned Harney, the renowned detective.

* * * * *

In a gloomy quarter of one of the most beautiful cities of the Dominion, and in a room to which a narrow passage between two great wrecks of buildings led, sat four men about a table. They had been drinking and playing cards—had just closed their game, and in the fumes of smoke and liquor two of them seemed engaged in desultory conversation.

"So you didn't do very well over there, Tom?" said one of them. "No!" said the one addressed. "I got tired of the place, and would rather be away from it—that's the long and the short of it. Anyway, 'O'Connor is dead, they tell me,' said the other. "Yes! he's very quiet now," was the reply. "O'Connor!" broke in one of the other men. "It seems to me I knew him." "Didn't he have a wife, a young woman named Mary?" was the query no answer came. The question was repeated. "Why, then, yes he did," said the man who had been away, and "to better his fortunes," had returned. "And what became of her?" "Where is Mary now?" said the other, who made the inquiry simply from a spirit of sympathy, little dreaming of its import to the man he addressed. "Mary!" he exclaimed. "She came on here with me, and I've lost track of her. That reminds me I must go to-night and try to find her," he added, rising suddenly from his chair. The miserable man thought he would seek the loneliness of the woods. He would fly to get away from all that could remind him of the crime which haunted him with never-ceasing torment. The iron was in his soul, the worm that never dies was gnawing his conscience, and nowhere on the broad earth was there any rest for him. Sometimes he fancied a hand was ever extended to help him in his agony when surrounded by a thousand distracting scenes; but no! there would come to him in his sleep and in his waking hours the memory of a deed inspired by strong drink and mad passion, the offspring of that drink; the thought of that dreadful night when his hand was at her throat, and her feeble strength resisted with no avail; the echo of that despairing shriek which none but himself and God had heard, as his victim shot like a bolt down, away down, the frightful abyss, which he vainly dreamed would cover her from human sight.

To hold no conversation in which he had been part in that den he now was leaving a vigilant ear had listened. Accustomed to the haunts of criminals, familiar with their ways and habits, he had traced the game with unerring certainty, and the tall form of Harney stood in the gloom of the passage.

He had watched his victim, and would have entered, were it necessary, and captured him then and there, but the announcement of his leaving made the task an easier one. Receding hastily backward till he reached the street, he waited for his victim. He came right on. Pulling his hat down over his brow, he started in a direction opposite to the glare of the lamps which brightened the near vicinity. He heard a resolute footstep close, and before he had time to think a hand, which felt heavy as it closed sinuously in a steel-like clasp, was upon him. A voice firm, yet with almost a touch of friendship in its tone, said: "I think I know you, S—n!" "Yes! I want you anyway. Come!" The unfortunate man cowered in this new presence. It was useless and unnerve him for the moment. The avenger was here, and in fancy he invested the near future with the forms of the prison and the scaffold. Summoning his herculean strength, he made one supreme effort for deliverance from the toils, but he was met by a strength and determination that could not be surprised or worsted. The immense energy of his captor was taxed to the breaking-point, but he would not yield. Breathing hard, S—n muttered: "Let me go." "Never!" was the answer. "Don't try it! Don't, or ——. You know me. Come!"

* * * * *

A few days after this occurrence I was standing upon the pier at N——, when the steamer from T—o arrived. Among her passengers was one heavily ironed, wrists and ankles chafed by clanking chains. One glance at the form of the culprit, and I had met again the grim stranger of that midnight race. I went close up to him, so that he must regard me, but he did not know me; and then, in the present accusation against him, I was silent, for might I not be mistaken? There would, to the minds of a jury, be a doubt in the face of my evidence. His load, I thought, was heavy enough to bear. It would crush him. I would not add to its weight. The trial began at once. There was evidence to show that he had been living in the same house with Mary O'Connor. More to the purpose, it was proven that he had gone out with her on that night when he returned, and she did not. A rope which he was seen to have, and walked up the mountain road that evening, had been found since the discovery of the body, stained with blood. Still further, and from an unlooked-for source, came evidence which to the minds of the jury was damning, and left no loophole for escape. From his own daughter (inadvertently it may be, but nevertheless from her) came the word which riveted anew the fetters which bound him. A shoe found on the spot where the struggle had taken place was shown to her. "Did she know it?" "Yes! It is my father's." "Where was the mate of it?" "At home!" "Could she produce it?" "Yes." It was sent for and shown. "When did her father wear those shoes the last time?" "On the night when he and Mary O'Connor went for a walk to the mountain." "Did she ever see them afterwards?" "Yes, this one!" While these interrogatories and answers were going forward, the attitude and demeanor of the parent was pitiful. Looks of direntreaty, the language of supplication and of deprecation, eloquent in all save speech, were directed to her, and she seemed to comprehend, but was confused by the scene so novel to her, and by the whirl and conflict of ideas born of her natural commiseration for her unfortunate father and the stern demands of enthroned justice for "nothing but the truth."

Once during his daughter's evidence he spoke, and only once, for he was closely and menacingly watched by the Sheriff. "Ah, Kate, you are mistaken about the shoe. Don't you know this ——?" He was not allowed to finish the sentence, for the fierce exclamation: "Shut up, or I'll gag you!" from the Sheriff silenced him and froze the words upon his lips.

Here the prosecution rested, and a strong defense was made, but to no purpose. The attempt to prove an *alibi* was a failure. To change the current of events, able counsel, as if inspired by the desperation of the case, defended him with earnest ability; but in vain. The Judge proceeded to charge the jury. His address was in the usual form, was brief and to the point. The jury were absent but a few moments, and returned with a verdict of "Guilty." The criminal, with much emotion, received this sudden announcement of his doom. The Judge, before passing sentence, asked him if he had anything to say why it should not be pronounced. The culprit rose slowly, and, facing the court, answered in broken tones:

"Your Honor, I suppose you think I have had a fair trial. Therein I differ with you and the jury. It has been hurried too fast, and I do not think it right. My daughter was frightened, and is here not what she said; yet I am to die, mainly upon her evidence. It's too hard. I should have been allowed to see my child; but we were torn asunder, and I cannot explain to her many things which confuse her. I am not guilty of the blood of Mary O'Connor. If I had found her body as they say, she must have fallen down the mountain. I never thought of, never intended to do her bodily harm. That is all I have to say."

Hereupon the Judge, rising amid the hushed stillness of that crowded room, reminded the prisoner that every effort had been made to give him a fair trial; further, that he had now but a few days to live, and must worthily employ that time, and concluded with the impressive form: "You will be taken from the place whence you came, and be hanged by the neck until dead, and may God have mercy on your soul." With a strong effort at composure the dread words were received, and the prisoner was remanded to his cell.

THE EXECUTION.

It was a brilliant morning, the day that Thomas S——n was to die. Measures looking to a commutation of his sentence to imprisonment for life had been duly made, and that very morning of the execution a reply was due. It came. The clemency, if one can so call it—existence for life in a solitary dungeon—was denied, and the preparations went forward. The drop was to be over nine feet, and the outline of the structure was the old-fashioned gallows-tree.

The hour for the execution was fixed at 11 A. M. From far and near the whole country-side was coming, on foot and in wagons. Women, strange to say, clambered for every point of vantage where, outside the wall, a view could be obtained. Here a child was held aloft to witness the spectacle. There, balanced upon the periphery of a wheel, or on someone's shoulders, would stand another.

The top of the high courtyard fence was thickly fringed with men and boys. It was an uncomfortable position, but they could bear anything, for the eye must be gratified with seeing and the ear with hearing. Soon the slow procession moving through the corridors of the jail was descried. "He comes!" "There they are!" was cried from the tops and taken up below.

Looking towards the scaffold, he was indeed there, the clergyman talking to him in earnest words, the hangman masked, a few feet distant. Soon the central figure of the group walked forward to the verge of the platform and made a motion which imposed silence. He was about to speak, and every sound was hushed.

"My friends," he said, "there are few of you here who know me, but many have come to see me die. They tell me my trial was fair; and it is possible they did all they could for me, but I do not believe it. I will not say that I know nothing of the manner of the death which the poor woman, for whom I am to perish, suffered, but I will say that I never meant to injure her, and I do not think the stain of blood is on my soul.

"Now, one parting word to all of you, and think upon it, for I speak words of solemn meaning.

"I am brought to this strait by the indulgence of liquor. If I had not so indulged, I would not now be here. I was happy once, and my mother was a good woman, whose counsels passed unheeded when addressed to me. I feel a contrition deep and fervent for all the offenses of my life, and, feeling enmity to no one, say good-bye."

The black cap was pulled down over his face, and he was placed upon the trap. Suddenly the latch which stayed it was pulled away, and the body of Thomas S——n descended with great velocity and force. It seemed to rest for an instant in the noose, and then fell heavily to the ground. What was the matter? The rope had parted? No, it swung there with the noose intact. Had it slipped over his head, then? No, the loop was too small for that.

What is it which makes the hundreds on the fence turn pale, and sick at heart, many of them falling helplessly in a faint? It is this: They saw a body with a head drop from the platform above, and a body without a head fall upon the steps beneath.

But it was done so quickly. Like men dazed they looked for the head. It was found under a projecting step, where, like a ball, it had rolled. The eyes were opening and shutting, the mouth convulsively working. It was a ghastly object. Blood was pouring from the body, which looked at the point of separation as if an axe had severed it.

Some medical men were present. They remarked to an official:

"We would like to have that head."

He answered:

"You can have it; but this man had some friends, and they want his body. I will soon deliver it in this box. Take the head aside, and let no one see you. I will nail up the box securely, and they will think it contains all; nor will they care to open it."

It was done. The head of Thomas S——n, the murderer of Mary O'Connor, "guillotined without the knife," is gone in a glass-case, preserved in spirits, in one of the fair lake cities of the New Dominion.

OLD LONDON FAIRS.

The suppression of Bartholomew Fair was strongly urged upon the Court of Common Council in 1796, and the expediency of the measure was referred by the Court to the City Lands Committee, but nothing came of the discussion at that time. It was proposed to limit the duration of the fair to one day, but this suggestion was rejected by the Court of Common Council on the ground that the limitation would cause the fair to be crowded to an extent that would be dangerous to life and limb. It is doubtful, however, whether the showmen would have found the profits of one day sufficient to induce them, had the experiment been tried, to incur the expense of putting up their booths.

The fair went on as before, therefore, and Bowlandson's print sets before us the scene which it presented in 1799 as thoroughly and as vividly as Setchel's engraving has done the Bartholomew Fair of the first quarter of a century. Dyngell's "grand medley" (a name adopted from Jolleon) was there; and the menageries of Miles and Polito, the Italian successor of Pidcock, and very famous in his day; and Abraham Saunders, whom we meet with for the first time, with the theatre which he appears to have sometimes unhitched for the circus, perhaps when an exhibition had deprived him of his horses, or bad season had obliged him to sell them; and Miss Biffin, who, having been born without arms, painted portraits with a brush affixed to her right shoulder, and exhibited herself and her productions at fairs as the best mode of obtaining patronage.

Down to the end of the last century, there are no records of a circus having appeared at the London fairs. Astley is said to have taken his stud and company to Bartholomew Fair at one time; but I have not succeeded in finding any bill or advertisement of the performances in connection with fairs. The amphitheatre which has always borne his name (except during the lesseeship of Mr. Bouciault, who chose to call it the Westminster Theatre, a title about as appropriate as Marylebone would be in Shoreditch) was opened in 1780, and he had previously given open-air performances on the same site, only the seats being roofed over. The enterprising character of Astley renders it not improbable that he may have tried his fortune at the fairs when the circus was closed, as it has usually been during the Summer; and he may not have commenced his season at the amphitheatre until after Bartholomew Fair, or having given there a performance which he was accustomed to give in the afternoon at a large room in Picadilly, where the tricks of a performing horse were varied with conjuring and Ombres Chinoises, a kind of shadow pantomime.

Philip Astley established the first circus erected in England, equestrian performances in the open air had been given before his time by Price and Sampson. The site of Dobney's Place, at the back of Penton street, Islington, was, in the middle of the last century, a tea-garden and bowling green, to which Mr. Dobney, who had been clown to Price, added the attraction of tumbling and rope-dancing performances, which had become so popular at Sadler's Wells. Price commenced his equestrian performances at this place in 1770, and soon had a rival in Sampson, who performed similar feats in a field behind the Angel public house. It was not until ten years later, according to the historians of Lambeth, that Philip Astley exhibited his feats of horsemanship in a field near the Halfpenny Hatch, forming his first ring with a rope and stakes, after the manner of the mountebanks of a later day, and going round with his hat after each performance to collect the largesses of the spectators, a part of the business which, in the shape of strolling actresses and other entertainers of the public in by-streets and market-places and on village greens, is called "doing a nob."

This remarkable man was born in 1742, at Newcastle-under-Lyme, where his father carried on the trade of a cabinet maker. He received little or no education—no uncommon thing at that time—and, having worked a few years with his father, enlisted in a cavalry regiment. His imposing appearance, being over six feet in height, with the proportions of a Hercules, and the voice of a Stentor, attracted attention to him; and his captain, a relative of ard at Emsdorff made him one of the celebrities of his regiment. While serving in the army, he learned many feats of horsemanship from an itinerant equestrian named Johnson, and often exhibited them for the amusement of his comrades. On his discharge from the army, in 1768, he presented Sir Sidney Smith with a horse, he bought another in Smithfield, and with these two animals gave the open-air performances in Lambeth which have been mentioned.

With the present century commenced a period of the history of shows and showmen specially interesting to the reminiscent, upon which research into London fairs as they were forty or fifty years ago, and to which the names of Gyngell, Scowton, Samwell, Richardson, Clarke, Atkins, and Wombwell have a familiar sound. It introduces us, in its earliest years, to the celebrated Edmund Kean, "the strippling Roscius," as certain playbills call him, of Astleian by the name of Carey," as Raymond wrote, and whom we find performing at the London fairs sometimes tumbling in Saunders' Circus, and sometimes playing juvenile characters in the traveling theatres of Scowton and Richardson. The early life of this remarkable man is as strange as any that ever afforded materials for the biographer, and the mystery surrounding his parentage as inscrutable a problem as the authorship of the letters of Junius.

Phippen, the earliest biographer of Kean, says that he was born in 1778, and was the illegitimate offspring of Aaron Kean, a tailor, and Anne Carey, an actress. Proctor, whose account is repeated by Hawkins, states that his parentage was unknown, but that, according to the best conclusion he was able to form, he was the son of *Edmund* Kean, a mechanic employed by a London builder, and Anne Carey, an actress. Raymond says, on the authority of Miss Tidswell, who was many years at Drury-lane Theatre, that he was the son of *Edward* Kean, a carpenter, and Nancy Carey the actress. While these various writers agree as to the name and profession of the future great tragedian's mother and the patronymic of his father, they give us the choice of three baptismal names for the latter, and at least two occupations. There seems no doubt, however, that his father, whether he was a carpenter or a tailor, was the brother of Moses Kean, a popular retiring imitator of the leading actors at the beginning of the present century.

No register of his birth or baptism has ever been discovered, and it is even a matter of doubt whether he was born in Westminster or Southwark. Miss Tidswell seems to have been the only person who possessed the knowledge of his birth and parentage that was ever revealed, a circumstance to which caused her to be suspected of herself standing in the maternal relationship to him. Kean, when a child, called her sometimes mother, and sometimes aunt; but, according to her own account, she was in no way related to him, but had adopted him on his being deserted by his real mother, Anne Carey.

His first appearance in public was made in the character of a monkey, in the show of Abraham Saunders, at Bartholemew Fair, probably in 1801. He was then twelve or thirteen years of age, and already inured to a vagabond and wandering mode of life; being in the habit of absenting himself for days together from the lodgings of Miss Tidswell, in order to visit the fairs, and sleeping under the trees in St. James' Park, to avoid being locked up by his guardian, and thus prevented from gazing at the parade of Sovereign and Court in the morning.

Proctor says, somewhat vaguely, though probably with as much exactness as the materials for a memoir of Kean's boyhood render possible, that when about fourteen years of age he was sometimes in Richardson's company, and sometimes in Scowton's or Saunders'; but this fact was communicated to the citizens of the latter he rode and danced on the tight rope. In performing an equestrian act at Bartholemew Fair, he once fell from the pad and hurt his legs, which never quite recovered from the effects of the accident.

In 1803, another notability of the age made his appearance at Bartholomew Fair, namely, Belzoni, afterwards famous as an explorer of the pyramids and royal tombs of Egypt. He was a remarkably handsome and finely proportioned man, and of almost gigantic stature, his height being six feet six inches. His muscular strength, being proportionate to his size, he was engaged by Gyngell to exhibit feats of strength, as the Young Hercules, alias the Patagonian Samson, in which character he lifted four men of average weight off the ground, and held out prodigious weights at arm's length. He afterwards went to Richardson's fair, where he performed in a field behind the Bell Inn. Of his engagements during the following six or seven years we have no account, but in 1810 he sustained the character of Orson at the Edinburgh Theatre, when he was hissed for not being sufficiently demonstrative in his attentions to the unreal bear. Five years later, he was exploring the pyramids and sarcophagi of Egypt, as assistant to the British Consul at Alexandria, and in 1820 his name was famous.

In the same year that Belzoni performed his feats of strength in Gyngell's show, there was exhibited in Bartholomew Fair, together with a two-headed calf, and a double-bodied calf, a "surprising large fish, the Nondescript," which "surprising inhabitant of the watery kingdom was," according to the bill, "drawn on the shore by seven horses and about a hundred men. She measured twenty-five feet in length and about eighteen in circumference, and had in her belly when found one thousand seven hundred mackerel."

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

A LOVER HORSEWHIPPED.

Somehow or other, poets are constantly celebrating in rhyme the exploits of Don Juans, and the newspaper reporters, by sheer force of imitation, have dropped into the same fashion, until, at last, the world has come to regard the faculty of leading astray as the exclusive possession of the masculine gender. That there are Donnas who are as enticing, in their way, as the most seductive of Juans is proved by a little episode that occurred yesterday, the finale of which was a horsewhipping, and a Central guard-house case, with all of the auxiliaries of policemen, etc., thrown in. It seems that for some time past the wife of a certain Mr. Weller, a cattle-broker, who lives in Fourteenth street, near the boundary, has had a fancy for Charles W. Mahon, a salesman in a Georgetown store, and that she brought to bear upon him all her most fascinating wiles, and with such success as to make the aforesaid Charles fall deeply into her meshes. Mr. Weller, though to all appearances blind to the divergence of his wife from the strict, straight path of marital duty, was not altogether ignorant of her derelictions, and had purposely watched her to satisfy himself that all was not as it should be. The denouement, though not an eminently satisfactory one to all the parties concerned, was sufficiently convincing, however, and has established forever in his mind the opinion that Mrs. W. is as much to be guarded against as the "cvidders," which class the elder Weller of Dickensonian fame was accustomed to denounce in such hot, frequently cautioning his son "Samivel" to beware of them. To make a long story short, or in other words to boil down this nice little sensation into readable compass, it will be necessary to state at once that Mrs. Weller, yesterday afternoon, feeling like walking, and being desirous of other company than that of her "hubby," invited Charles to meet her at the Smithsonian grounds. The invitation was tendered to Mahon on Pennsylvania avenue near Ninth street, at which point he happened to meet her. As she had been "tossing the ruby" several times, he at once accepted the invitation, and about two o'clock she started for the Smithsonian grounds, feeling as gay as a lark, or like a man with a pocket full of Cuban bonds, with a prospect of the United States recognizing the independence of that unhappy people. After rambling up and down the delightful serpentine walks of the grounds for a delicious few minutes, their bliss was suddenly cut short by a rapid descent made upon Mahon by Weller, who, by a remarkable coincidence, happened to be riding in that locality. For a few minutes the irate husband laid on the blows at a lively rate, until a couple of private officers, seeing the conflict, at once brought it to a standstill by arresting both of the male principals. Weller at once furnished bail for his appearance at the police court to-day, but his victim was not so fortunate, and was compelled to remain in durance two or three hours, when Mrs. Weller, who had declared her intention to see "Charley" out of his scrape, sent around a bondsman to help him out of trouble, and let him out into the light of day. Those who are well acquainted with Mr. Weller speak of him as a very worthy man, but Mrs. W.—um!—she is pronounced rather dubious. Charley is weak, so they say, but not bad. The whole arrangement may be pronounced a nice Summer affair.—*Washington* (D. C.) *Chronicle*, Aug. 27.

THE HOLMES BREACH OF PROMISE.

Last Spring *The Times* published the particulars of the extraordinary breach-of-promise suit of Miss May Chamberlayne against John Bute Holmes. The plaintiff is a beautiful girl of seventeen years, a niece of President J. S. T. Stranahan of the Brooklyn Park Commission, the daughter of a prominent Western New York lawyer, and connected with other well-nearly connected. Mr. Holmes is a civil engineer of sixty-five years, doing business in Nassau street, and reputed to be worth $250,000. The case was tried in the Marine Court, and the jury brought in the unprecedented verdict of $6,000. Holmes gave a bond for appeal, but failing in days of grace, rendered by his bondsmen and thrown into Ludlow-street Jail. He then made overtures to Miss Chumberlayne's attorneys, Messrs. Spellissey, Gibbons & Co., looking to a settlement, and induced them to let him out of jail pending the negotiations. He then proposed to compromise for the bonds they had obtained from their client a power of attorney to settle, and a written pledge that no settlement would be made by her unless in their presence, and with their consent. Suddenly Holmes and Miss Chamberlayne disappeared, and the records disclosed that they had been married in Jersey City. Miss Chamberlayne was traced to a house, No. 364 Fifth street, in Jersey City, and Holmes was discovered in the same house. The attorney could get no satisfaction from either, except that the judgment had been settled, and that Miss Chamberlayne "loved Mr. Holmes better than any man in the world." On Friday last Counselor Spellissey made a motion to set aside the settlement before Judge Joachimsen in Marine Court, Chambers, and the hearing was adjourned until yesterday, when voluminous affidavits were presented on both sides. From one of the latter the astonishing details that Holmes and Miss Chamberlayne were married on Aug. 14, or some other date thereabouts. A graphic description is given of the attorney's visit to Jersey City; the house in Fifth street is described as being bare of ordinary furniture, and Holmes' purpose is represented as having been to secure the victim for the purpose of getting rid of the motion, and then to discard her. Miss Chamberlayne swears that she was not married to Holmes on Aug. 14, but she significantly omits to swear to any more. The amount of the satisfaction money is set down at $276, and the affidavit of the plaintiff goes on to declare in toto for the settlement is denied. Judge Joachimsen took the papers and reserved his decision.—*N. Y. Times.*

A WIDOW OUTWITTED.

Breach-of-promise cases in Morenci, Mich., are at a discount now. A little domestic affair has just come to light in that festive burgh which is rather amusing. A rich old widower, not particularly remarkable for brilliancy, but who, in this case, seems to have displayed an unusual amount of sagacity, and an ancient widow are the heroes. It seems that the rich old party has been in the habit of visiting the ancient widow, but some time ago dropped her, and, though still professing friendship, paid his respects to another widow lady. He was taken sick, and the first widow made a habit of calling in to see him every evening. On these occasions she more than once broadly hinted that, if he didn't marry her, she would bring an action against him for breach of promise. The old man was married; he knew he had money, and although he never had promised to marry her, he knew she would swear to it. At last, a happy thought dawned upon his mind. She was in the habit of calling on him at dark, and the old gentleman was particularly partial to light, for he was afraid of kerosene lamps, and candles are expensive. He arranged with several friendly married ladies—married ladies, mind you!—to sit in his room when the shades of evening fell, and await the widow's coming. She came. They sat in the parlor over while the married ladies breathed softly and held their tongues with both hands. "You know I never promised to marry you," whimpered the old man. She admitted that he did not, but told him he must or she would sue him for damages. Then the old man thought he would light a lamp, and the widow's eyes were dazzled at spooning, sitting next the wall, three married dames, whose veracity was unimpeachable. As the light dawned on her mind, she suddenly bethought her of the bread she had left baking in the oven at home, and she went out the back door, climbed over the fence and sat down and wept, while the old man smiled more audibly than he had before in years.—*Exchange.*

A KENTUCKY BRIDAL TOUR.

There came one day to a little inland town in Kentucky a young rural couple who had just been bound by the "silken bonds." Their destination was the depot, and the bridegroom was evidently quite impatient for fear the train should arrive before he could reach the office. Buying one ticket, they stood upon the platform until the train had stopped. When they entered, the bridegroom found his bride a seat, kissed her most affectionately, bade her "good-bye," and, going out, seated himself on a box and commenced whistling most vigorously. He watched the train out of sight, regret depicted on his face, when a bystander, thinking the whole proceeding rather strange, resolved to interview him. Approaching him carelessly, and chawing a straw to keep up his courage, he said:

"Been gettin' married lately?"

"Yes," said he; "me and Sallie got spliced this mornin'."

"Was that her you put on the train?"

"Yes," with a sigh.

"A likely-lookin' gal," said our questioner. "Anybody sick, that she had to go away?"

"No;" but here he grew confidential. "You see, me and Sallie had heard that everybody, when they got married, took a bridal tour. So I told Sallie that I hadn't money enough for both of us to go, but she shouldn't be knocked out of her'n. So I just brought her down here, bought her ticket, and sent her on a visit to some of her folks, and thought I might get some work harvestin' till she got back."

That afternoon found him busily at work, and when in a day or two after Sallie came back he welcomed her cordially and affectionately, and hand in hand they started down the dusty road to their new home and duties.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

MORE SCANDAL AT THE CAPITAL.—The Washington (D. C.) *Chronicle* of Aug. 26 contained the following: "Quite a sensation was developed yesterday by an inquisitive newspaper man, who had got wind of a little piece of scandal which implicates seriously the near relative of a very high official. It appears that some time ago the relative referred to lent his influence to procure for a young woman, decidedly good-looking, by the way, and possessed of some talent, a position in the Pension Bureau of the Interior Department, which, it is said, she filled with credit to herself and to her endorser for some months. Busybodies, however, were not satisfied with her conduct outside of the office, and comments were freely indulged in by many who were aware of the frequent visits of the friend, before alluded to, and of others with whom she should not have associated. Her movements were closely watched by these moral censors, and she was finally discovered entering a house of dubious reputation with one of her quondam admirers. As soon as this fact was

BASEBALL.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD.

From the number of questions sent to us in regard to the championship records of the years in which the Professional Association has been in existence, we deem it a matter of important and necessary information to give the full record of each season, including 1871, '72, '73, and '74, which will be found below.

The first season's play in the regular championship arena, under an official code of championship rules, was in 1871. On March 17, 1871, the first convention of delegates from avowedly professional clubs was held at Collier's saloon, corner of Broadway and 13th street, New York. At this convention the code of championship rules adopted included the following clause:

"SEC. 2.—The series of games for the championship shall be best three in five games, each club to play best three in five games with every other contesting club." "All games to be played before Nov. 1." By this rule the season's play was governed and the pennant awarded. The record was as follows:

CHAMPIONSHIP RECORD FOR 1871.

	Athletic.	Boston.	Chicago.	Mutual.	Olympic.	Haymaker.	Cleveland.	Kekiongas.	Rockford.	Games Won.
Athletic		1	3	3	3	3	3	3	3	22
Boston	3		2	3	3	3	3	3	3	23
Chicago	2	2		1	3	3	3	3	3	20
Mutual	2	0	2		3	3	3	3	3	17
Olympic	0	1	2	1		3	2	3	3	15
Haymaker	0	2	1	1	3		2	3	3	15
Cleveland	0	1	1	3	1	2		3	3	14
Kekiongas	0	0	1	0	2	1	2		3	9
Rockford	0	0	0	1	0	1	1	3		6
Games lost	7	10	9	16	15	15	19	21	21	135

The championship committee of 1871, at the close of the season, awarded the pennant to the Athletic Club, which club flew the banner up to November, 1872.

In 1872 the amended championship code made it necessary that each club should play five games with every other club, and the club winning the most games was entitled to the pennant. At the close of the season the record stood as follows:

RECORD FOR 1872.

	Boston.	Athletic.	Mutual.	Philadelphia.	Chicago.	Hartford.	Baltimore.	Games Won.
Boston		5	5	8	8	7	6	52
Mutual	5		4	9	8	6	7	52
Athletic	2	6		9	3	6	5	33
Philadelphia	2	5	1		7	6	4	29
Chicago	2	2	2	3		4	4	27
Atlantic	4	3	1	3	5		3	23
Hartford	1	1	2	3	4	1		12
Baltimore	1	2	3	4	3	5	3	17
Games lost	18	23	23	29	31	34	36	232

PROFESSIONAL GAMES IN AUGUST.

The following is the record of professional contests in the championship arena for 1875:

Aug. 3, Mutual vs. Chicago, at Brooklyn (5 innings).	1	to 1
Aug. 3, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia	3	2
Aug. 4, Boston vs. Philadelphia, at Boston (11 innings)	4	3
Aug. 5, Chicago vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	2	0
Aug. 5, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (10 innings)	1	1
Aug. 6, Chicago vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia (10 innings)	11	7
Aug. 6, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	4	3
Aug. 7, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn (11 innings)	3	1
Aug. 7, St. Louis vs. Athletic, at Philadelphia	11	10
Aug. 9, Philadelphia vs. St. Louis, at Philadelphia	10	2
Aug. 9, Mutual vs. New Haven, at New Haven	4	2
Aug. 10, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford	7	0
Aug. 12, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	8	1
Aug. 12, Mutual vs. Hartford, at Hartford (8 innings)	4	0
Aug. 13, Mutual vs. New Haven, at New Haven	4	0
Aug. 14, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	6	2
Aug. 14, Hartford vs. New Haven, at Hartford	17	2
Aug. 16, Hartford vs. New Haven, at New Haven	5	2
Aug. 16, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	3	1
Aug. 17, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago (10 innings)	4	3
Aug. 18, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	16	6
Aug. 18, Philadelphia vs. New Haven, at Philadelphia	3	2
Aug. 19, Philadelphia vs. Hartford, at Philadelphia	5	1
Aug. 19, Boston vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	9	1
Aug. 20, Hartford vs. Atlantic, at Brooklyn	2	0
Aug. 21, St. Louis vs. Boston, at St. Louis	5	3
Aug. 21, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	5	3
Aug. 23, Chicago vs. Boston, at Chicago	13	11
Aug. 23, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis	3	2
Aug. 24, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Brooklyn	3	2
Aug. 24, Boston vs. Chicago, at Chicago	13	0
Aug. 25, Athletic vs. St. Louis, at St. Louis (forfeited)	9	0
Aug. 26, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	14	2
Aug. 26, Philadelphia vs. Atlantic, at Philadelphia	11	0
Aug. 26, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	2	1
Aug. 26, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford (exhibition)	8	2
Aug. 27, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	5	0
Aug. 27, Hartford vs. Mutual, at Hartford (exhibition)	15	3
Aug. 28, Athletic vs. Chicago, at Chicago	12	9
Aug. 28, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	14	8
Aug. 30, Boston vs. Mutual, at Boston	9	1
Aug. 30, Hartford vs. Philadelphia, at Philadelphia	11	3
49 games		303 113

The average for August exceeds that of any other month's play known in the professional arena, the figures being 7.9-42 for the winning nines, and but 2.39-42 for the losing.

BATTING AVERAGES.

A correspondent has made out from THE CLIPPER reports the batting averages of the principal baseball players for the first half of the present season, or up to Aug. 1; also the averages of the same players during the same time last season. It will be seen that, while Leonard, Sutton, Force and Devlin have increased their record, on the other hand some of the best batters of last year have fallen away in their batting averages largely, viz., Craver, Anson, Meyerle, McMullin, McGeery, Holdsworth, Start, Eggler, Fisher, Boyd, Hastings and Allison.

	1875. Games.	H.	Ave.	1874. Games.	H.	Ave.
Geo. Wright	34	61	1.79	Hicks	36	38	1.05	1.27
Leonard	37	66	1.78	McMullin	23	24	1.04	1.90
Sutton	36	63	1.75	Meyerle	19	20	1.04	1.74
Barnes	36	64	1.77	Schafer	21	22	1.01	.77
McVey	37	60	1.62	Bielaski	16	16	1.00	
Force	38	58	1.60	1.46	Cary	37	37	1.00	1.21
White	36	58	1.61	.50	Hastings	31	31	1.00	.69
Craver	34	56	1.50	1.78	Peters	32	32	1.00	1.15
Hill	34	50	1.47		Luff	24	24	1.00	
Devlin	35	49	1.40	.32	Farrell	40	40	1.00	.92
Pike	37	39	1.44	.54	Geer	22	22	1.00	
Clapp	38	47	1.42	1.43	Gould	16	16	1.00	.84
Charnley	36	51	1.41	.30	Keefe	30	29	.96	
Meyerle	34	49	1.41	1.35	Nelson	34	34	1.00	1.02
McGeery	38	49	1.40	1.85	Latham	23	22	.96	
Outhert	36	50	1.38	1.54	Malone	19	18	.94	1.16
Holdsworth	38	48	1.37	1.70	Fulmer	35	33	.94	1.26
Start	36	49	1.36	1.57	D. Allison	30	27	.90	1.40
Hallman	23	30	1.35		Warren	32	29	.90	1.02
Wines	34	45	1.32	.40	O'Rourke	31	28	.90	
Eggler	39	50	1.31	1.60	McKelvey	26	23	.88	
Charnley	36	51	1.31	.21	Fabor	26	22	.88	
Boekhout	20	26	1.30	.60	McGinley	20	17	.85	1.18
Gerhardt	35	49	1.27	1.40	Glenn	32	28	.87	
McBride	31	40	1.25	1.30	Battin	29	25	.87	1.18
Spalding	37	46	1.24		Fisher	29	25	.87	1.21
Allison	27	33	1.22	1.81	Treacy	16	14	.87	1.01
Burdock	35	43	1.22	1.30	Ferguson	37	31	.84	.75
Manning	35	43	1.22	1.23	Cummings	28	23	.82	1.10
Nyman	34	41	1.20	.82	Higham	32	26	.81	.92
Mills	33	39	1.18	1.32	Zettlein	22	18	.81	.93
Remsen	37	42	1.13	1.08	Booth	34	28	.81	.84
Yeaker	37	42	1.13	1.08	Dehlman	22	18	.81	.77
Pearce	27	30	1.11	1.36	Harbidge	21	16	.76	
Moore	10	11	1.10		Matthews	34	26	.70	1.10
Addey	30	32	1.11	1.12	Snyder	30	21	.70	.90
Higham	31	33	1.06	1.36	Beals	16	12	.70	

BOSTON vs. MUTUAL.

These clubs played their ninth championship game together on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sept. 1, it being the first championship contest of the month. Everything was propitious for a good game and a close contest, the weather being fine, the grounds in admirable order, while the Mutuals had cut a new team, and the Bostons did not play Spalding in his position. The attendance of spectators, however, was comparatively limited, the fact that the Reds had easily defeated the Mutuals eight times in succession preventing that interest in the contest which would have been occasioned under circumstances more favorable to a closely contested game. The Mutuals played a new nine in one report, Higham taking Hicks' place behind the bat, and Hatfield that of Gedney at left field. The Bostons had their regular team out, but Manning was placed in the pitcher's position in place of Spalding. The former has nothing but speed to commend him, and without such a catcher as White to support him his rather wide delivery would have proved costly. As it was, ten base-hits were scored off his pitching in six innings' play, two runs being earned in the sixth inning, after which Spalding went on to pitch and the Mutuals were blanked in three innings, scoring only a single base-hit.

The Mutuals opened play at the bat, and by a bad muff of Leonard's in allowing two bases to be scored on a single base-hit, together with a wild pitch by Manning and a bad muff by Barnes, the Mutuals scored two unearned runs on two single base-hits. This was offset by three runs scored by the Mutuals, two being earned by four safe hits, Holdsworth giving a life by a dropped fly-ball. In the second inning a bad throw by Schafer after a splendid stop led to a single being added to the Mutual score, the visits getting in a single chiefly by safe batting and fine base-running, a bad throw home by Nelson giving a life at home-base. This was Nelson's only error, his general play being excellent. In the third inning the Mutuals were blanked, and the Reds earned a single run by the batting of O'Rourke, McVey and Schafer, a dropped fly by Booth being offset by putting a player out at second base by the same ball. In the fourth inning a earned fly-ball by Spalding gave the Mutuals an unearned run, the Bostons scoring a single by sharp base-running, assisted by a bad throw of Higham's. In the fifth inning a low throw by Barnes to McVey, after running Holdsworth out, assisted by a base-hit by Higham, sent in an unearned run for the Mutuals; but this was offset by some good hits on the part of McVey—who batted in fine style—Spalding, White and Wright, three runs being scored, and one earned, a dropped fly-ball—a difficult catch—by Booth giving a life, he having to run down to centre field for the ball. He offset the error by a double-play after a pretty catch in the same inning. In the sixth inning the Mutuals earned their first runs, Matthews, Hatfield and Holdsworth earning their bases well. This led to Spalding's going in to pitch, and then the Mutual run-getting ceased, they only getting a single base-hit off Spalding's delivery in three innings. In the meantime the Reds added three runs to their score, two being earned in the last inning, the game ending with the score of 13 to 7 in favor of the Reds. It will be seen that they scored runs in every inning of the game except one. O'Rourke's outfielding was noteworthy, as also was McVey's base-play and White's catching. Start's base-play and Nelson's fielding were the features of the Mutual display, Matthews and Holdsworth doing the best batting. The game was finely umpired.

MUTUAL.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holdsw'th, cf	5	0	2	3	1	2
Start, 1st b	5	2	1	13	0	0
Hallman, ss	5	1	1	1	4	2
Higham, c	5	0	2	1	1	1
Gerh'dt, 3d b	4	0	0	0	2	1
Booth, r f	4	0	0	3	2	2
Nelson, 2d b	4	1	0	4	7	1
Matthews, l f	4	2	2	0	0	0
Hatfield, l f	4	1	2	2	0	0
Totals	40	7	10	27	17	9
Mutual	3	0	1	0	1	1
Boston	3	1	1	1	3	1

BOSTON.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
G. Wright, ss	6	1	2	1	4	0
Barnes, 2d b	6	2	3	4	3	2
Leonard, l f	6	2	2	0	0	1
O'Rourke, c f	5	1	2	2	0	0
McVey, 1st b	5	1	1	4	16	0
Spalding, r f	5	1	1	1	2	1
White, c	5	1	0	0	1	0
Schafer, 3d b	5	2	3	0	1	2
Manning, p	5	2	2	2	1	1
Totals	46	13	20	27	15	7

First base by errors—Mutual, 5; Boston, 5. Runs earned—Mutual, 2; Boston, 6. Umpire, Mr. Boyd of the Atlantic Club. Time, 2h. 5m.

Harry Wright entered a protest against Higham's playing; but on what ground we cannot say, as Higham's legal release from the Chicago Club was sufficient to allow him to play.

CINCINNATIS IN COVINGTON.
A Splendid Contest.

St. Louis may brag of their "Browns" and their "Reds," and of playing eighty odd games of baseball in one day, as illustrative of the existence of the baseball fever in that city; and Chicago may talk of their white-hosed team—emblematical of purity—and of their strong amateur nines; but both have to succumb at present to Cincinnati, for have not the Cincinnati people their "Reds" and their "Blues?" Does not Brother Joyce treat his lady guests on the ball-field to champagne, and does he not provide the thousands of admirers of the game in that city with the most exciting contests now to be seen in the arena? Of course he does, and therefore let it be said that Cincinnati is taking the rag off the bush in the way of close contests, as witness the match of Tuesday, Aug. 31, between the rival local nines of the Queen City, the "Reds" of the city proper, and the "Blues" of the noted suburb, Covington, which took place on the grounds of the Stars of Covington, in the presence of from four to five thousand spectators. One was reminded of the old times of the rivalry between the original "Red Stockings" and the old Buckeye team, on this interesting occasion. It was the first meeting of the two teams; and as both sides were pretty confident of success before the outside public, though both felt shaky privately, there was considerable interest taken in the contest, there always is when an earnest fight between two well-matched rival teams on the ball-field is the treat to be enjoyed. The ladies, who were present in force, rather favored the stellar team, they preferring the blue to the red.

The contesting teams were decidedly "mixed" parties. In the Star nine there were Mack of Philadelphia, Blong and McSorley of St. Louis "Reds," and Dilion of the latter city; while in the Cincinnati team there were Radcliff of the Philadelphia team of 1874, Fisher of the nine of 1875, Wardell of the Resolutes of Elizabeth, Sweasy of the old "Reds" and lastly of the Eastern clubs, with Gould as a companion, and Nichols and Clark of the Atlantics, with Fields and Snyder of Pennsylvania clubs, the Stars being the more representative team of the two.

THE GAME.

Play was called by Absdie, as umpire, and the first two innings showed that the fight was going to be a close and earnest contest for victory. The "Reds" were the first to score, a base-hit by Nichols in the third inning, assisted by passed balls, giving the Reds an unearned run, the total at the close of the third inning being one to nothing in their favor. In the fourth inning there was some growling at a decision of the umpire, because the fielding side differed from him on the question of a foul tip. This is a matter on which the umpire is the sole judge, and, if his judgment happens to be at fault, the contesting nines must abide the result, for there is no legal appeal from errors of judgment. Mack scored the first run for the Stars in this inning amidst loud applause, he making two bases on a long safe ball, and running in on a failure of Sweasy to field Cummings' ball, which he and Clark both tried to get. This the Reds offset with a single scored by errors, thereby leaving them still in the van by 2 to 1. In the sixth inning the Stars got in an unearned run, some weak play by Nichols materially assisting and as they blanked the Reds, the score was now a tie, 2 to 2, with two-thirds of the game over. This was close work, and the contest became deeply interesting. The Stars now began to feel confident of giving the "Reds" a closer shake-up than they had anticipated, and in the seventh inning they began to handle the ash with better effect, some hot balls from their bats being found difficult to field, errors leading to the scoring of two unearned runs by the Stars; and as the Reds were only able to add a single to their score, and this by errors, the close of the seventh inning left the totals at 4 to 3 in favor of the Stars, whereat Covington rejoiced muchly, and Cincinnati looked grum. In the eighth inning the Stars improved their position by a single, and but for a fine double-play by Radcliff to Sweasy, and by him to Gould, and a splendid line-ball catch by Snyder, the Stars would have added three runs to their score. It was the catch of the match, and "brought down the house" in the way of applause. There was more growling at the umpire again in this inning, because he thought that a catch had not been made which the majority thought had. The "Reds" rallied on their side of the house in this inning to the tune of two runs, both unearned, thereby leaving the totals at 5 to 5, it now being a regular "nip and tuck" fight, with the betting at even and but few takers on either side. Then came the tug of war, and anxious as both nines were to win, it was a wonder more errors were not committed, as both lacked that nerve and coolness so essential to success in such critical emergencies. One was afraid and the other dare not, until darkness put a stop to the contest at the end of the twelfth inning, when play was suspended by the umpire at the request of the captains, and still the score remained at 5 to 5. Of the play on the occasion it may be said that Snyder's fielding was a feature of the contest, three of his catches being perfect beauties. Fields played pluckily and well behind the bat, and Sweasy played his base with but one error. Nichols had his "off" day, and astonished the crowd, with whom he is a favorite, by his loose fielding at times. Radcliff did good service at short, but neglected to bestir himself as captain in the spirited manner that such a position requires. Fisher pitched very swiftly, and indulged occasionally in his habit of raising his arm above his hip when about to send in the ball—a plain violation of the rules. On the Star side fine work was done by Mack, in both fielding and batting. Strief also did exceedingly well in his position. Blong's pitching was very effective, but he had a sick man to catch for him, and the errors made by Dillon were due to this fact in a great measure.

STAR.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Mack, 1st b	6	1	2	13	0	0
Strief, 2d b	6	0	0	0	3	0
Hanks, c f	6	0	2	1	0	2
Cu'mings, ss	6	0	0	2	5	3
Blong, p	6	1	1	1	3	2
Shoup, 3d b	5	0	0	2	1	1
McSorley, l f	5	1	0	4	0	0
Dillon, c	5	0	1	7	2	1
Walters, r f	5	2	0	3	0	1
Totals	50	5	6	36	16	20
Star	0	0	0	2	1	0
Cincinnati	0	0	1	1	0	0

CINCINNATI.	T.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gould, 1st b	6	0	1	7	0	1
Snyder, l f	5	1	1	2	0	0
Radcliff, s s	5	1	1	2	5	2
Fisher, p	5	0	0	2	1	0
Clark, c f	5	1	2	1	2	1
Fields, c	6	0	1	14	1	4
Wardell, r f	6	1	0	0	0	1
Sweasy, 3d b	5	1	0	3	3	0
Nichols, 3d b	5	1	1	1	0	4
Totals	48	5	7	36	9	13
Star	0	0	0	1	2	0
Cincinnati	0	0	1	0	0	0

Runs earned—Star, 11; Cincinnati, 5. Runs earned—Star, 0; Cincinnati, 0. Umpire, Abadie of the Ludlows. Time, 2h. 40m.

RESOLUTE vs. MUTUAL.

The Resolute Club of Elizabeth, N. J., minus the services of Harrow, Austin and Tavert of their regular team, met the professional Mutuals on the Union Grounds, Brooklyn, N. Y., on Sept. 2, and the latter were apparently well satisfied in coming off victors by a score of two to one—6 to 3—in a full game, the Resolutes being found a stronger team than anticipated, though wanting their full strength in the field. They failed to properly support Purroy's effective pitching or otherwise the Mutuals would have been in a tight box. As it was, the latter failed to earn a run in the game, and only scored six, in two innings. The Resolutes had to face Gibney in the first three innings; and when they had scored three runs, two being earned, the Mutuals deemed it wise to put in Mathews, and then run-getting ceased. The play of Farrell at second base was the feature of the match, J. Campbell excelling at the bat. The Resolutes played Quinn of the Peconia nine as a substitute, and this will debar the latter from play for sixty days, according to amateur rules.

RESOLUTE.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
McDiarmid	0	0	0	0	2
Lynch	0	0	0	2	0
M. Campbell	0	1	8	1	1
Purroy	0	0	1	1	5
Quinn	0	0	0	0	0
J. Campbell	1	1	3	1	3
Farrell	1	1	1	5	4
Quinn	1	1	1	0	0
McGovern	0	0	1	2	0
Totals	3	5	27	12	19
Resolute	0	0	0	0	0
Mutual	2	0	0	0	4

MUTUAL.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Holdsw'th, cf	1	2	1	0	0
Start, 1st b	1	1	13	0	0
Hallinan, ss	2	1	3	3	2
Higham	1	0	5	1	1
Gerhardt	0	3	1	2	0
Booth	0	1	1	0	0
Nelson	0	0	1	3	0
Mathews	0	1	1	0	0
Gibney	0	1	1	3	0
Totals	6	12	27	14	3
Resolute	0	0	0	0	0
Mutual	2	0	0	0	4

Earned runs—Mutual, 2. Grafton, 4. Passed balls—Morgan, 3; Brown, 1. Wide pitch—Foley, 1. Umpire, O. J. Tilden. Time, 1h. 50m.

PEABODY vs. SWANN.

These rival Baltimore clubs engaged in their fourth match for the amateur championship of Maryland, at Newington Park, Aug. 30, the Peabodys winning by the score which follows:

PEABODY.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Say, s s	0	0	1	0	0
Taylor, 1st b	0	1	10	0	0
Stone, l f	1	3	1	0	0
Carl, c	0	1	4	1	0
Laughlin, 2d b	1	1	1	3	4
Evans, c f	1	1	1	0	0
Stratton, p	0	0	0	1	0
Fillmore, r f	0	2	2	0	0
Revel, 3d b	0	1	2	2	1
Totals	3	10	24	7	5

SWANN.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sellman, 2 b	0	2	1	1	0
Roberts, p	0	1	0	1	0
Smith, s s	0	1	1	2	6
Wasdin, r f	0	0	1	0	0
Snyder, c f	0	0	0	6	1
Kelly, 2d b	0	0	0	2	3
Meacher, 1 f	0	1	0	1	0
Dickson, 3d b	0	1	0	4	1
French, 1st b	0	2	11	0	0
Totals	0	8	14	17	11
Swann	0	0	0	0	0
Peabody	0	0	1	0	0

Runs earned—Peabody, 1; Swann, 0. Umpire, Mr. Locke. Time, 2h.

RYAN'S PROFESSIONAL BALLS, which are used by professionals and amateurs all over the United States, are advertised in another column, as superior to any other baseballs manufactured, and guaranteed perfectly dead. Messrs. Ryan & Davenport, the manufacturers, also deal in bats, Indian clubs, catchers' gloves, and all kinds of sporting goods.

SCOTTISH SPORTS AT LION PARK.

The sons of Auld Scotia, composing the New York Caledonian Club, held their nineteenth annual picnic and games at Lion Park, Eighth avenue and One Hundred and Sixth street, on Thursday, Sept. 2; and in addition to the costumed members of the club, numbering about four hundred, and their guests from the different organizations in other cities in the States and Canada, there was present the large crowd of people who assemble upon each recurring anniversary celebration to witness the interesting performances of Caledonia's athletes, and participate in the other enjoyable features of the affair. Since the change of locale, necessitated by the cutting-up of Jones' Wood, however, visitors derive far less pleasure than formerly, a fact due to a lack of adequate accommodation, which causes uncomfortable crowding, and the exposed and in all respects unsuitable situation of that portion of the grounds devoted to the athletic contests—which by no stot seem disposed to invest the money requisite to purchase or lease and put into order a plot of ground whereat to hold their outdoor festivals, which have become one of the institutions of the Summer season in New York, it would be advisable that they return to their first love, and in future hold their carnivals at Jones' Wood (Chairman), which is now fitted up, with Washington Park as an extension, affords ample accommodation, and the facilities for reaching it are much better than on the west side. The various games on the 2d were as well contested as the nature of the ground admitted of, and the results thereof are given below:

Throwing the Heavy Stone.—J. Anderson, 36ft. 7in.; Hugh McKinnon, 33ft. 7in.; James Melrose, 33ft. 1in.

Standing Jump.—Andrew Rennie, 9ft. 5in.; R. M. Mitchell, 9ft. 10in.; A. C. Reid, 10ft. 5in.

Running Jump.—Andrew Rennie, 19ft. 5in.; R. M. Mitchell, 18ft. 10in.; A. C. Reid, 18ft. 5in.

Short Race—100 Yards.—Ten started; A. C. Reid won; Andrew Rennie, second; R. M. Mitchell, third. No time taken.

Throwing the Heavy Hammer (16lb. exclusive of handle).—Hugh McKinnon, 96ft. 7in.; J. Melrose, 89ft. 4in., Andrew McKay, 88ft. 5in.

Standing High Leap.—Andrew Tasker, 4ft. 8in.; J. McMillen 4ft. 6in.; J. Corsair, 4ft. 2in.

Broadsword Dance.—J. McClaren, first; John West, second; L. D. Robertson, third.

Throwing the Sledge Hammer Weight.—Hugh McKinnon, 24ft.; J. Anderson, 22ft. 9in.; Andrew McKay, 22ft. 3½in.

Long Race, 440 Yards.—William Sutherland, first; T. B. Irvine, second; A. C. Reid, third.

Tossing the Caber.—J. Melrose, 41ft. 4½in.; Hugh McKinnon, 41ft.; M. E. Moore, 40ft. 2in.

Hitch and Kick.—J. Corsair, 8ft. 8in.; G. T. Addison, 8ft. 2in.; A. Donaldson, 8ft. 1in.

Three-legged Race.—William Robinson and H. Graham, first; William Todd and A. Rennie, second; R. Mitchell and L. D. Robertson, third.

Special Boys' Race.—T. Grassock, first; William Baxter, second; R. Smith, third.

One-mile Race.—P. McIntyre, first; William Forsyth, second; William Parker, third. Time, 5.14½.

Vaulting with the Pole.—William Robertson and A. Donaldson, 9ft. 9in. each; P. Duke, 9ft. 3in.

Wheelbarrow Match, One Mile.—Thomas McEwen, first; John Henderson, second; J. Low, third. Time, 5m. 23sec.

Sack Race.—William Robertson, first; D. Knox, second; R. Carmichael, third.

Running High Jump.—George Addison, 4ft. 11½in.; R. Mitchell, 3ft. 8in.; A. Tasker, 3ft. 6in.

Putting the Light Stone.—John Anderson, 41ft.; Hugh McKinnon, 40ft. 6in.; William Robertson, 39ft. 9in.

Two-mile Running Race.—For silver cup, value $30, presented by Robert Gordon, open to the members of the New York Caledonia Club only; won by William Parker. Time, first mile, 6.6; two miles, 12.39½.

Highland Fling.—James Kennedy, first; James Atcheson, second; L. D. Robertson, third.

Sword Exercise.—William Robertson, first; William Cleland, second; Angus Rankin, third.

Boot-kicked Highlander.—John Wall, first; J. Jamison, second; George McKay, third.

Throwing the Light Hammer.—Hugh McKinnon, 114ft.; James Melrose, 110ft. 6in.; John Anderson, 102ft. 3in.

Boys' Hurdle Race.—P. Granick, first; M. Baxter, second; F. Smith, third.

Running High Jump.—William Robertson, 5ft. 3in.; John West, 5ft. 1in.; James Corsair, 5ft.

Three-legged Race.—R. Mitchell, first; R. West, second; R. Greig, third.

Judges: Col. William Van Wyck, William Wood, D. M. Stern, John Wood, and William Brown. Committee of Arrangements—Chief John S. Dingwall, chairman; 2d chieftain Jas. L. McEwen, treasurer; 3d chieftain, Chas. G. Nicholson, secretary; ex-chieftain James Grimwood; Clansmen—Andrew F. Dykes, James West, David B. Fleming.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

MRS. J. W. GILBERT.—Thanks for the attention. The analysis is welcome; see below.

HERR H. MEYER.—Your unceasing efforts in our behalf are we hope, duly appreciated. The game is welcome; that it's being the German notation no objection.

H. J. C. ARENDRUP.—You are cordially greeted on entering your name upon our roll. The problems will be duly honored; first, No. 982, the earliest possible.

W. TUNSTALL PIERCE.—The "resolutions" appear to us just and to the point. They admirably cover a long-felt necessity. You will, doubtless, hear from Geo. E. Carpenter in this matter.

WM. HARRIS.—Thank you! The *piquant* little game shall appear right soon; we wish all our contributors would be as "remembersome" when some dainty bit of play occurs to them.

S. S. NICHOLS.—Received; the chess books and a reply promptly forwarded.

DANIEL JAMESON.—It is not our habit to be easily "offended" with young contributors honestly striving to merit an appearance, and to appear to advantage in our columns. The break copy shall be examined.

"SUBSCRIBER," Pittsburg, Pa.—Problem No. 972 is solved by 1..R to K B 3; 2..Q to K 5 +; 3..Q Kt, or P gives mate.

J. M. S., Fostoria, Ill.—1. Get of Scribner & Co. Staunton's "Chess Praxis." 2. "Sulmate" means that a player compels his adversary to give mate—"Qui perd gagne." 3. Dual mate means that a player about to give checkmate has two or more ways of doing it.

TYRO.—No! Problem 975 is (probably) sound; you have not hit its mates.

GUERILLA.—Solutions correct. As soon as this meets your eye let us know where a note will soonest reach you.

WM. MARSDEN, Fort Cameron, Utah.—Your effort shall have a fair consideration.

P. R. BALDY.—You have hit No. 975 exactly. Mr. Swan's beauty (CLIP. No. 712) is thus:

WHITE.—King at Q R 5; Rook at Q Kt 4; Kt's at Q B 5 and K B 5; Pawns at K 2 and K Kt 4.

BLACK.—King at his 4; Pawns at K B 3 and K Kt 4.

White to play and give mate in four moves.

F. M. TEED.—All right, thank you; the chessklin, very soon.

SEVERAL INQUIRERS.—We have not heard a word from Mr. Horner yet, and have not felt like hurrying him during the late heats. September will probably bring his decisions.

J. DRESDNER.—Your problem of Dec. 25, '74, is defeated by Black 1..B to K Kt 6; the one with most pieces seems sound, and, though the idea is not new, will be your next appearance—when we get to it.

GEO. H. CARPENTER.—Accept our thanks for your welcome and valuable assistance.

MRS. GILBERT, in a pleasant letter, informs us that by later analysis she has accomplished her 19-move mate in one less, the time saved being at the 7th move from the finish. The full solution next week.

HONORABLE MENTION.—We see by the *City of L. C. Mag.* what has before escaped our attention, that, in addition to the three prizes, "honorable mention" was awarded in the late Westminster C. C.'s Prob. Tour. to the following perfect sets: "Good is good, but better carries it," by Charles White; "Adelaide," H. Charlick; "Heads or tails," A. Cyril Pearson; "Look upon this picture and on this," J. W. Abbott. To sets broken by imperfect members—"Non quo s

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical, and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be in charge for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that by a recent change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Sept. 6.

LADIES' LIST.

Arnot, Louise
Adams, Sallie 6c.
Armstrong, Georgie
Booth, Alice
Bent, Eva
Beverly, Mrs. Mande 6c.
Barry, Mrs. Virginia A.
Bliss, Mrs. Jerome
Burnett, Cora E.
Chandos, Roy
Clifton, Marion
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Celeste, Belle
Cottrell, Madame Louise
Cooke, Woods
Carlotta, Mlle.
Davenport, Minnie
Daly, Mrs. (of Adelphi, Chicago)
De Verde, Lou
De Granville, Mlle.
De Forrest, Zoe (2)
Ellis, Hattie
Francis, Leona
Fisk, May
Forrester, Nellie
Fritz, Mrs. Edwin
Graham, Mrs. Nelson
Garrette, Eugenia
Grey, Ada
Gray, Minnie
Guy, Mamie
Herbert, Carrie
Hubseh, Mrs. Jo-hanna
Holland, Mrs. Effie
John
Herbert, Mrs. Ada
Hunt, Gussie E.
Howard, Pauline
Holland, Mrs. K. A.
Hastings Sisters
Hindle, Annie
Halpine, Kate 3c.
Kellogg, Alice (2)
Kortzwell, Johanna
Kirby, Adele
Lillian Sisters
Langley, Mrs. E. D.
Leois, Mlle. (gymnast)
Lehman, Julie 3c.
"Lotta"
Lupo, Mlle. (dancer)
Lynn, Augusta 52c.
Mass, Gussie Crayton
Morris, Clara
Mills, Mollie
Nelson, Nellie
Oates' Business Manag., Mrs.
O'Neil, Mrs. K. A.
Oates, Mrs. Jas. A.
Pope, Mrs. W. C.
Phillips, Adelaide
Quigley, Jennie
Ray, Maggie
Rinehart, Mrs. Samuel
Squires, Mad. (2)
Stowe, Ella
Swinburne, Marie (2)
Smith, Della
Stuart, Celia C.
Sherwood, May
Smith, Mary
Stickney, Virginia
Sanyeah, Mrs. Samuel
Sheppard, Little Eva
Sheldon, Ella
Stivans, Mrs. R. M. (3)
Taylor, Mrs. E. C.
Turner, Jennie
Van Zandt, Mrs. Millie
Wood, Mrs. E.
Woods, Carrie (3)
Waugh, Amelia
Warner, Josie
Woodfield, Mrs. W. H.
Young, Eliza W.
Zoerner, Anna (2)
10c.
Zanfretta, Miss "Dodie"

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Goodall, Julien N.
Glenn, T. J.
Gordillo, Sig.
Gaisa, R. (musician)
Gulliver, Jos.
Gaylord, Low
Gorman & Romer
Gray, Geo. (of Pisk Combo.)
Gortelmeyer, H.
Greenwood, Harry
Gaston, Albert
Gaylord, Willie
Gildar, Charles
Grogery, C.J. (gymnast)
Gorman, Rich'd O.
Gildersleeve, J. R.
Graham, T. (of "Buffalo Bill" Co.)
Grant, Gus W.
Gaylord, J. B. (of Cole's Cir.)
Hazzard, A. (musician)
Hussey, Frank 6c.
Hamilton, Theo. (2)
Haly, Dr. Jno. E.
Holmes E. S.
Hall, Gustavus F.
Hewes, Ralph (2)
Hirst, W. R.
Harund, W. E.
Herbert, Geo. W
Harris, F. (side-show "biz")
Huston, Ed.
Hughes, Mark
Harrison, E. (with Gilbert Sist.)
Hall, Geo. W.
Harwood, Wm. E.
Harris, Wm. D.
Hoburg, Casper H.
Hodges, D. B.
Haslar, J. ("Young America") (2)
Howard, Chas. L. (agent)
Hooley, R. (of Hooley & Thom)
"Healey's Hibernian Gems"
Hermann, Prof.
Alex.
Higman, G. (scenic artist)
Habelman, T.
Howard, D. P.
"Happy Charlie"
Harvey, Jno.
Hamilton, H. (side-show "biz")
Henderson, W. H.
Henderson, Jas. B
Hermann, Prof. W. H.
Harrigan & Hart (2)
Hess, Mr. (of Kellogg Op. Co.)
Heywood, Bros. (2)
Hunter, Prof. C. E
Harris, F. D.
Holman, Eng. Op Co., Manag.
Hickey, J. (of Barnum's Side Pals)
Howard, T. C. (manager)
Holland, Geo. (circus "biz")
Haverly, J. H.
Harrison, Frank
Heagler, J.
Hutson, W. H.
Howard, Chas. R
Hawes & Curry
Hughes, W. A.
Hedges, Thos.
Jeffry, Jno. H.
Jordan, Michael
Jubilee Singers
Joseph, Sam H.
Jukes, W. H.
Jack, Jas. M.
Kelly, Jas. A.
Kelly, Jno. T.
Kemble, C. W.
Kennedy, Harry
Keyes, D. A.
Krone, Gust.
Kent, Frank
Kuyke, D. G. (of "Un. Tom's Cab." Co.)
Keys, T. H. (of Kuroo Cir.)
Kellogg Eng. Op. Co., Manag.
Kelly & Leon's Minstrels
Luproll, J. Smithers
Lunn, Frank
Leyburn, Tom
Layton, A. (song-and-dance)
Loder, C. A.
Lamont, Albert (2)
Lascelle, Lyman
Lester, H. C.
Lord, C. (of Mad. Rentz Co.)
Lewis, Fred. E.
Little, Dick (with Callender)
Lee, G. (of Bailey's Cir.)
Levy, Harry
Levante, Fred
Lynch, Ed.
Lewis, Chas. P.
Love, Valentine
Little, R. G.
Loane, Dan G.
Levit, Harry Sr.
Leon, Dan (gymnast)
Lee, Chas. (of N. Y. Circus Co.) 8c.
Lewis, Frank D.
Little, Chas. (2)
Locke, E. G.
"Manager" (3)
Melville, Charles agent
McGann, Billy
Morris, Andy
Marson, C. (of Eng. Co.)
Mosley, Wm. H.
McCloskey, J. J.
Madizay, C. H.
Mann, Frank R. (2)
McCracken, W. (banjoist)
Maradee, Ed. (musician)
Murphy, John C. (cornet)
Martin, Harry (manager)
Middleton, George (circus "biz")
Mack, J. H. (of Emerson & Mack)
Mutson, W. H.
Howard, Chas. R. & Robin. Cir.)
Mader, Frank C.
Mercer, Jno. C.
McGrath, Thos.
Music, Mr. (music. director)
McNanny, Hugh
McGuckin, R. B.
Mann, Jas.
McDonald, J. A.
Murray, Geo. W.
Manly, H. (candy Mason's Combination, D. R.
Maryon, Theophilus
Mansell, Chas.
Madcop, F.
Mackey, Dave
McCall, E. C.
Mortimer, Jno.
Mortimer, W. G. (illusion.)
Mulholland, Jno.
Melville, Frank
Mack, Walter
Mack, Harry (juggler)
Mack, Harry
Mathews, Robt.
Mace, W. W. (late of Portland, Me.)
Mara, Carlo
Moulton, Jas. G.
Nelson, Gus
Nagle, Rich'd
Norrie, Jos.
Nichols, C.
Norman, Sam R.
Neary, Jas.
Nelson, Jno.
Norien, Jno. S.
Norton, Geo. W.
Nolen, T. J.
Newcomb, W. W.
O'Brien, Frederick (esper)
Osborn, Frank H.
O'Brien, Jno. C.
O'Gorman, Rich'd
Parker, Harry
Paddington, Eng.)
Pastor, Tony (2)
Price, Ed. (2)
Phillips, Thos. A. (2)
Perry, Capt. C. M.
Pfaff, Dan'l
Peel, Bill
Pond, Chas. C.
Peters, Gus
Palmer, Jr. Sc.
Price, E. P.
Prentice, C. F.
Prindle, J. (comed.)
Quinn, Jno.
Reynolds, W. (song-and-dance)
Rhodes, Ed.
Reilly, Michael K.
Ready, J. (with T. Hall)
Ryan, T. (of Wallack Comb. Co.)
Ritter, P. (musician)
Rowland, James (gymnast)
Rae & Charles
Ryan, Ed.
Riano, Prof. J. R.
Rogers, Prof. P.
Rivers, C. H.
Rogers, Loraine
Rickey, Sam
Raymond, J. S.
Roberts, Billy
Ries, Dan (manager)
Robinson's Minst., Manag. Harry
Rose, Willis
Ross, Patrick (musician)
Ryan, T.
Rousselle, W. (of Rousselle Bro.)
Ryder, Geo. (with Bell-ringers)
Riano, Joe (cornetist)
Robertson, Alex.
Riddell, Weldon
Richar, F. (Dutch "biz")
Ross, Jimmy
Swinburne, Jno. B.
Sprague, J. B.
Simpson, Jno. T.
Sabro, King
Spargur, H. G.
Sydney, Geo. H. (2) 6c.
Sweeney, J. C.
Sedella, Cyril 13c.
Stubbs, Stokes (2)
Shay, Charlie
Shay, Frank (with Callender)
Shay, John
Spalding, W. P.
Sanford, S. S.
Smith, W. A. T.
Sweet, J. H.
Somers, Tommy
Snow, L. (of Snow Bros.)
Sheparel, Wm.
Short, Prof. J.
Seward, Prof. T. F.
Sawtelle, C.
Silvers, E. (minst. "biz")
Shepard, J. W.
Sells, Wm.
Sparrow, Frank
Sprague, D. J.
Sage, Jno. C.
Sebastian, Romeo (2)
Stone, J. T. (of Queen's Cir.)
Shandley, Jas. J.
Sheridan & Mack
Comb., Manag. Strakosch, Max
Smith, A. G.
Shay, Charlie
Turner, W. C.
Tinkham, Ed.
Tinnuchen, J.
Townsend Family
Tracy, Jno.
Thomas, L. R.
Thompson, — (of Thomp & Ransom)
Thompson, "Kilek" (circus "biz")
"Tennessee Jubilee Singers"
Thomp, W. F. (2)
Thomas, D. S.
Tayleure, C. W.
Torpe, Jas.
"Thalia"
Train, Richard
Thomas, T. F.
Tobe, J. S.
Thompson, Chas J.
Thatcher, Ned (sweep and dancer)
Victorelli, Oscar
Verney, S. H.
Varelle, Joe
Watkins, Rose & Harry
Wells, H. C.
Wood, A. F.
Webb, Harry
Ware, Geo.
"Young America"
Yale, Charlie

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Sept. 6, '75.

The players are once more in harness; and single and double teams are going it at a clipping pace. In fact, so eager are the heroes of the baize to play their little parts on the mimic stage, and to excel in their respective assumptions, that the competition promises to be more spirited than ever. [We said nothing about horses, James; we were speaking of the players, not about trotting rings and parti-colored jackets of the racecourse. What do you say? You think that a certain trotting-horse is like a valuable ring, because *it's a treasure, the goldsmith made.* Well, we have no objection—every person has a right to his own think, and we are not going to interfere with yours, and don't you meddle with ours, now mind.] And thus early in the season performers are breaking their contracts, and putting managers to expense and inconvenience, just as they did of old. A party, recently returned from foreign parts, imparted to us the news that he had signed a contract to perform for one of our city managers; and we, in part, gave knowledge of the fact to our unbiased readers. But what has not been said, and is only founded on truth, but a mere idle boast; for the person went back, as it were, on the party of the first part, and traded with a party of the second part, and, for aught we know, he may be trying it on with a third. Now, our selfish nature does not care a copper about the disappointment it caused the friends of the first manager alluded to, but we are terribly annoyed because to us he falsified the truth [*What's that?* Why, it means that he lied! But it doesn't do to use so harsh a word to ears polite—hence, etc.] The idea that any person should be so debased, so lost to all sense of honor and decency, as to lie to us, is galling, and not to be borne. Why, we have such confidence in the boys that their word to us is just as good as their bond and mortgage, so to speak. When we discover that we have been deceived, that we have been made the instrument of deceiving others, and that we have been lied to, we don't go around talking about him, and calling him a traitor and a tramp, as many others would do; oh, no—we get somebody to pray for him, and to endeavor to reclaim him, and to put him on his feet again. Should he persist in his rebellion against the truth, and refuse to listen to good counsel, we take the obdurate one into a corner and we get all the unbribable critics to throw ink at him, to dirty his character and blacken his hitherto unsullied reputation; and then we give a free banquet to the virtuous slingers of ink, and make speeches at them, to show that virtue must ever triumph over vice, and that their conscientious must be their own best reward. And these blackeners of people's characters go from us, proud of having accomplished a good action and gained the world's applause. And then the false one goes forth with the mark of a cane upon his brow, instead of wearing the green bays that of right belong to the truth-teller. And as he retires in disgrace, calling upon the rocks and mountains to fall upon and crush him, and hide him from the wrath to come, we shy stones at him, and pour cold water upon his heretofore bright escutcheon; and as he sweetly meanders along beyond the reach of Belgian paving-stones, we draw forth a concealed weapon contrary to law, and we seek to bore holes into his putrid carcase, and then we laugh at his infirmities! That's the way we do with parties who lie to us, and seek to deceive us and our valuable readers. It is not the value of the lie that we care for—oh, no; it's the *principle* of the thing that stirs up the honest blood within our veins, and induces the reading of the riot-act to the base malefactor and calumniator. So beware! We are on the warpath when falsifiedsers brave the field, and Tammany's savageness is mild in comparison with ours when the devil is aroused within us. Oh! do not, we implore thee, try our patience too far..... Mickey O'Sullivan and Jedediah Davenport acted out their little game with a naturalness for which we had not before given them credit. The boys of the old dart turned out in defense of the Anglo-Irish Hamlet, while the lovers of the Star-spangled Banner and all that that implies cheered with their voices and their purses the son of the soil who, knowing his rights, dared to maintain them. (*Cheers.*) It is not for us to attempt to decide bets as to which of the twain made the more melancholy Dane, nor to seek to set at rest the question whether it were better that the twain should live on, or their quietus make with a bare bodkin. Ah, no! We suppose no man's quarrel, no matter if right makes thrice his quarrel just. Self-preservation is the first law of nature. We cannot take sides in these play-actors' tragedy. Both houses advertise in THE CLIPPER. Had either been so unfortunate as to have overlooked us in the distribution of their patronage, the case would have assumed a different aspect, and truth would have triumphed over right and justice, and, probably, virtue. As it is, the contest is an even thing; we stand by, with the great crowd of humanity, ready to shout for the upper dog in the fight, and to add a kick to the one who first cries "Hold! enough!" Jimmy, while we are thinking out something fresh, give the machine a turn or two, and see what you can grind out of it *re*

.....He was a home-made Italian, or an uncertain German. Upon his head, showing him to be a well-organized balancer, he carried a tray of plaster-of-paris images—Little Red Riding Hood, Moses, and the Muses. He came in just before lunch-time—a time when man's better nature does not get the advantage of his appetite. He offered to sell us two of the *Muses* because, we suppose, he thought they would *amuse us!* [No hilarity, James.] He said the price was one dollar and seventy-five cents for the pair! The gentlemen present (waiting to accompany us to lunch) guyed the image-vendor and ridiculed him for his avariciousness, as it might be. The image-man, not to be diverted from his fell purpose (vide cheap novels), fell to one dollar and sixty cents; but, like Enoch Arden, no sale. Sad and discouraged, for he was selling for the conventional poor widow, he turned him toward the door; but, casting a beseeching look behind him, he stood as if undecided—as if his parents were dead, and he was left alone in this unfeeling world. That look touched us to the heart—yea, to our heart of hearts—and the charitable nature of our composition asserted its supremacy. We strided—strode sounds better. We strode to where the poor man stood, his chest upheaving with the weight of care and woe and images. "How much did you say?" was our cheering question. "A dollar and sixty cents," was his sorrowful rejoinder. "Throw off the dollar, and it's a trade." "Take 'em; they are yours." The bargain was clinched, yet we had made the offer not in sincerity, but to show that we possessed money enough to teach those mean gentlemen who impatiently awaited our coming. Not having the sixty cents handy, for it was not a good day for gathering in money, we offered to resell the Muses to the vendor for fifty cents. "Not wort' so muches—I geef you thairty!" and "thairty" it was, and that image was sold out, his face was radiant with joy, and we felt that we had, unintentionally, done at least *one* good action that day. [You heard him boasting, in a beer saloon, how he had got the best of a *greenhorn?* That cannot be possible, Jimmy. You got one of the beers on it, did you, and that's how you made it's true? Well, well, the world is all a sham, and want and penury and gratitude are all a delusion.]

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AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE the fresh appearances of the past week included Masters Leotard and Harry Carlo, two handsome little midgets, who, on a double trapeze, performed with grace and seeming ease all of the most difficult feats usually given by adults. Their powers of endurance are something wonderful, as they seemed as fresh at the close of their somewhat long entertainment as when they commenced. They somewhat astonished the audience by severally dropping from the trapeze into a net held by a number of persons on the stage. Applause was lavishly bestowed upon them, and they were twice recalled. Miss Julia Coventry acted quite satisfactorily Mrs. Montague De Rignold in "Cupid the Stupid," as well as Zerlina in the closing burlesque, "Wicked Don Juan." Adah Richmond was heartily greeted upon her reappearance, and sang her serio-comic songs with her customary effect. Harper and Standell, the one-legged song-and-dance men, renewed their successes of the previous season, and William, George, and Frederick Carlo evinced a high degree of skill and practice in the performance of their acrobatic acts in "The Triple Parterre," which elicited the frequent approval of the spectators.

JOE NORTON in feats of jugglery deftly performed; Jean Fallon in cannon-ball performances, and lifting a dumb-bell said to weigh 175 pounds; Billy Pastor (his first appearance here) in new comic songs, one of which, "The World Turned Upside Down," made a pronounced hit; Crossley and Elder in feats of jumping, leaping, vaulting with the pole, and other field-sports, which greatly pleased the audience; John T. Kelly in his well-known comical Irish song in character, which were much applauded; Mlle. Mahretta, who displayed skill in make-up and grace of pose in representing classical statuary; the La Verde Sisters in songs-and-dances; Alice D'Elma, a fair vocalist, who sang Irish melodies; and Fanny Herring, who, aided by George W. Middleton, Ed. Lay, and members of the regular company, performed "The French Spy," constituted the newcomers at the Metropolitan Theatre last week.

"COLONEL SELLERS," beautifully mounted, and, as a whole, well-acted, has kept the Union-square Theatre well filled nightly during the expired week. John T. Raymond's performance of the chief character, now mellowed by frequent repetition, is artistic, highly humorous and mirth-provoking. Thomas E. Morris acted Si Hawkins in a natural, unaffected manner. Eben Plympton appeared to better advantage as Clay Hawkins than we have hitherto seen him. J. G. Peakes' impersonation of Lafayette Hawkins was highly commendable. Viola Grove, Agnes Mosses, and the Muses. He came in just before lunch-time—a time when man's better nature does not get the advantage of his appetite. He offered to sell us two of the *Muses* because, we suppose, he thought they would *amuse us!* [No hilarity, James.] He said the price was one dollar and seventy-five cents for the pair! The gentlemen present (waiting to accompany us to lunch) guyed the image-vendor and ridiculed him for his avariciousness, as it might be. The image-man, not to be diverted from his fell purpose (vide cheap novels), fell to one dollar and sixty cents; but, like Enoch Arden, no sale. Sad and discouraged, for he was selling for the conventional poor widow, he turned him toward the door; but, casting a beseeching look behind him, he stood as if undecided—as if his parents were dead, and he was left alone in this unfeeling world. That look touched us to the heart—yea, to our heart of hearts—and the charitable nature of our composition asserted its supremacy. We strided—strode sounds better. We strode to where the poor man stood, his chest upheaving with the weight of care and woe and images. "How much did you say?" was our cheering question. "A dollar and sixty cents," was his sorrowful rejoinder. "Throw off the dollar, and it's a trade." "Take 'em; they are yours." The bargain was clinched, yet we had made the offer not in sincerity, but to show that we possessed money enough to teach those mean gentlemen who impatiently awaited our coming. Not having the sixty cents handy, for it was not a good day for gathering in money, we offered to resell the Muses to the vendor for fifty cents. "Not wort' so muches—I geef you thairty!" and "thairty" it was, and that image was sold out, his face was radiant with joy, and we felt that we had, unintentionally, done at least *one* good action that day. [You heard him boasting, in a beer saloon, how he had got the best of a *greenhorn?* That cannot be possible, Jimmy. You got one of the beers on it, did you, and that's how you made it's true? Well, well, the world is all a sham, and want and penury and gratitude are all a delusion.]

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"ROSE MICHEL."—We mentioned in our past issue that Messrs. Shook & Palmer of the Union-square Theatre had procured a temporary injunction enjoining Augustin Daly from producing "Rose Michel" at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, and the hearing why said injunction should not be made perpetual was set down for Sept. 6; but by agreement of counsel it has been postponed until Wednesday, Sept. 8.

J. B. POLE's many friends in this city and elsewhere will be pleased to learn that his wife, who is professionally known as Julia Parker, is to make her debut on the operatic stage in Milan, Italy, during the present month, singing under the name of Signora Guiletta Tasca.

AUGUSTUS DALY and members of the Fifth-avenue Theatre company arrived from San Francisco, Cal., on Sept. 1.

EDGAR POWERS, an actor, but who for some years past has been connected with minstrel troupes, singing under the name of Monroe Dempster, renewed an old quarrel with George Harper, a Western actor, at the corner of Broadway and Nineteenth street, on the evening of Aug. 31, during which he was stabbed by Harper six times in the face and breast, the weapon used being a pocket-knife. After Powers' wounds were dressed he was sent home, and Harper was locked up.

CHARLES RONOLLMAN, Dutch comique, and Prof. Burchard arrived in town from a New England tour under the management of Mr. St. Clair, who, they say, suddenly disappeared from Northampton, Mass., with all the funds in his possession, leaving them without means. By giving a couple of entertainments there they were enabled to reach this city.

THE BUSINESS at the variety theatres on Broadway, so far this season, has been very light in comparison with that done in previous years. This may be, possibly, accounted for by the warm weather and by their being too many theatres (four) giving the same style of performances within almost a stone's throw of one another.

THE FRENCH APPEARANCES at the Theatre Comique Aug. 30 included Nell West, a clever serio-comic, of pleasing appearance and a good dresser; Winona Bridges, song-and-dance performer, who possesses youth, a comely appearance, and who sings and dances well; John Allen, who acted the chief character in the sketch called "The Dutch Hackdriver, or No. 93;" and Hugh Dougherty, who was under contract to appear at another house. The cards announced for Sept. 1 were Messrs. Flavit, Brunnell, and Bindell, mountaineer trio, and Frank Steele, a juggling bellringer.

THE OPERA-BOUFFE SEASON closed at Robinson Hall on Saturday evening, Sept. 4, and the hall has been leased, and will hereafter be known as the Parisian Varieties. It is the intention of Manager Robinson to take the opera-company, lately performing here, on a brief tour through the Eastern and Southern States.

JOHN PENDY and Delehanty and Cummings will be added to the forces of the Theatre Comique this week, and there is to be a rifle-shooting match between the Mulligan and Skidmore Guards, and a local sensational sketch entitled "Day and Night" will receive its first performance.

MLLE. AMELIA CARLO, tight-rope performer, is the only fresh appearance announced at the Olympic Theatre on Sept. 6.

AT THE TIVOLI THEATRE business has been quite brisk of late. This week the company will be largely reinforced, the newcomers being Barry and Alice Daily, the Lamonts, John T. Kelly, Xavier Zeltner, Minnie Seamon, J. S. Murphy, Eveline Constantine and Vic Reynolds.

PROF. LOGRENIA and his trained birds, George France and his acting dogs Bruno and Don Cesar, the Gorman Brothers and Griffin and Rice are to be the fresh appearances at the Metropolitan Theatre this week.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they are provided with a card of LELAC COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1, 1875, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to

CINCINNATI VARIETY NEWS to Sept. 3 is sent by our correspondent as follows: "The National opened its season on Saturday night to an enormous house, 2,600 tickets being, it is said, taken in. This week has been very warm, and the attendance moderate. The performance opened with a sketch, 'The Black Magician,' by James Douglass and Burt Clark; John Foster next gave a stump-speech, which was followed by the excellent contortion act of the Claire Sisters, Minnie and Maggie; Burt Clark succeeded in a pathetic ballad, and then came the Big Four—Lester, Allen, Smith and Waldron. They proved a strong card. Lottie Brown in vocalisms was next on, after which was a sketch by Douglass and Foster, Charles 7. Ellis followed in successful Dutch songs, and then the Waite Sisters—Emma, Nettie and Hattie—performed agreeably the musical burlesque of Cinderella.' Maggie Claire on the flying rings and a farce completed the programme. The only closing to-morrow will be the 'Big Four,' who go to St. Louis. On the 6th the new appearances will be the Turners, Barney and Delia Ferguson, and Sam Martin.....At the Grand Central business has been good for the weather. The new people this week have been Annie Clark, Annie De Lorme, Agnes Hart, Florence Hamilton, and Sallie Mason, serio-comic vocalists of an excellent order; Marie Nichols, a nice dansense and jiggist; the Grinnell Sisters, in pleasant musical and dancing sketches; John Le Favre Manning, a clever trapezist and vocalist; the Collins Brothers, capital song-and-dance men; J. C. Murphy, bone-soloist and comedian; and Joe Childs, an excellent comedian. The departures to-morrow will be Gilday and Gineven, for Memphis; Lottie Estelle, for Indianapolis; and Minnie Gray, for Pittsburg. New people on the 6th: Charley Benedict, R. V. Ferguson, and Frank Jones."

THE ST. JAMES VARIETY THEATRE, which is now being erected on the lot at Tenth and Callowhill streets, Philadelphia, will not be opened on the 25th of September, as announced, the bad weather of the last few weeks having materially retarded the building operations. An additional force of workmen will be put on, and Manager Gilmore announces that the theatre will positively open on the 8th of November.

AN EXCELLENT PROGRAMME was given at Enochs' Varieties during the past week, including among the new people Wallace and Trimble, Leonard and Price, Leo in their gymnastic specialties, and Miss Frankie Carlton in serio-comic songs. The attendance was good. Murphy and Shannon, Jimmy Mack, Miss Frankie Carlton, and the Rouselle Brothers closed on the 4th inst. Samuel and Maud Sanyesh, Maggie and Billy Ray, and J. K. Campbell commence on the 6th.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the same programme given on the opening night was repeated throughout the week ending Sept. 4, and attracted large audiences. One of the most attractive features of the excellent programme was Mr. Crowe's new ballet, entitled "White Rose," in which Miles. De Rosa and Elise were seen to advantage. Miss Blanche Selwyn and Miss Jennie Sothern commence on the 6th inst., the drama of "The Irish American," with J. M. Ward and Winnetta Montague in the principal parts, being then produced.

BRENNAN & WARE'S Operatic and Concert Combination, giving a humorous entertainment of music and dialogue, can be engaged by addressing as per card in this issue, in which terms and particulars can be found. The company commence an engagement at Kokomo, Ind., Sept. 10, and open at Peteolia, Pa., on 20.

HEYWOOD BROS.' COMBINATION were at Bangor, Me., Sept. 3, and will be at Skowhegan 10, Augusta 13, Gardiner 14.

FIRST-CLASS VARIETY TALENT is wanted at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I. See card.

JAMES HEYWOOD'S GREAT SHOW performed at New Bedford, Mass., Sept. 4, at Newport, R. I., 6, and is billed at Providence 10, Pawtucket 11.

AT DUNNING'S VARIETIES, Ludington, Mich., first-class performers, especially ladies, are advertised for.

SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS, comedians and song-and-dance artists can find engagements at the Centennial Varieties, Baltimore, Md., by applying to Thater and Howe, as per card.

A BRASS BAND, song-and-dance performers, vocalists, stage-manager, agent and others are advertised for by James Keefe for the New Orleans Pantomime and Combination Troupe.

NED MADDY'S COMBINATION exhibited at Port Henry, N. Y., Sept. 1, Willsboro 3, Whallensburg 4. This week they show at Wadams Mills 6, Lewis 7, Elizabethtown 8, Keene 9, Bloomingdale 10.

ALBERT LEON, the well-known gymnast, who has been suffering from paralysis during the past four months, and who is still in a crippled condition, with no prospect of immediate recovery, is sadly in need of pecuniary assistance, and he requests us to make an appeal for assistance in his behalf to the managers with whom he has performed, and to his friends in the profession. Contributions may be sent to him at Eleventh and Wallace streets, Chicago, Ill., or in care of this office.

MCCONNELL, SYBES AND EARLWOOD, horizontal-bar and trapeze performers, can be engaged to travel with a first-class troupe by addressing as per card.

VARIETY ARTISTS are wanted at the Atlantic Garden, Brooklyn, N. Y. See advertisement.

A NUMBER OF VARIETY PERFORMERS are wanted for Williamsport, Pa. See card.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., was visibly affected by the opening of the other theatres, although an excellent business was done. The new arrivals Aug. 30 were Lillie Linden and Jennie Wade, vocalists; T. M. Hengler and the Hawley Brothers, in songs-and-dances—all of whom were accorded a genial welcome. Annie and Andy Hughes closed Sept. 1, and join John P. Rogers' variety company at the Academy of Music, Chicago, Sept. 6. T. M. Hengler and Jennie Wade closed Sept. 4, the former to Howard Athenæum, Boston, and the latter to the Fifth-avenue Theatre, Pittsburg. Manager Rogers left for Chicago Sept. 2. The announcements for Sept. 6 are the Rousselle Children, Signor Giovanni, Lillie Linden, Ella Saunders and Healey and Clapp.

AT THE AVENUE THEATRE minneapolis, Leonard and Price, the newcomers during the week were Mlle. Carlotta, a good dancer, and Minnie Lee, a pretty serio-comic vocalist. The departures Sept. 4 were Johnny Reese, destination not known; Lou Edwards and John F. Kernell, to Philadelphia. The announcements for Sept. 6 are Nellie Smith, Geo. W. Wood, M. F. Quinn, May Florence, Katie Forrest, and Johnny Harris. Letter of Sept. 5.

MILTON NOBLES, G. Maxwell, Madelaine Hardy, Sallie Partington, Billy Daly, Signor Frances, and Captain R. S. Page were the new attractions at the Fifth-avenue Theatre, Pittsburg, Monday, Aug. 30. Our correspondent says: "Mr. Nobles acted the character of Jim Bludsoe in 'Bohemians and Detectives,' and his performance of the part was complimentary to his talents as a respectable actor. The roles by Mr. Maxwell, Madelaine Hardy and Sallie Partington were creditably sustained, and Moses Solomons by Sam E. Ryan was a meritorious impersonation. Billy Daly's songs were well received, and the juggling of Signor Frances was among the best performances of the kind seen here in a long time. The cornet solo of Capt. Page was generally applauded, and redemanded. The attendance was moderately large, and the average business of the week will result profitably. S. C. France is announced for Sept. 16 in 'Marked for Life.'.....Dewitt Cook, Murphy and Mack, Ida Belle Pauline and Ida Morton were the newcomers at Trimble's Varieties Theatre on Aug. 30. Mr. Cook as an Indian club-swinger ranks as one of the most skillful in that branch of the profession. The Irish specialties of Murphy and Mack were very cleverly performed, and La Belle Pauline and Ida Morton were creditable in their several acts. Departures Sept. 4: R. V. Ferguson and Charles Benedict, going to Cincinnati, O.; Thompson and Ranson, joining the McKee Combination; Annie Hall, Niles and Evans, and Weslyn and Casey. Those commencing on the 6th are Wm. and Emily Thomson, Barney McAnully, Kate Montrose and John McVeigh.....Oscar Willis is here, visiting old friends. He becomes a member of Harry Robbins's Minstrels at Toledo, O., next (this) week.....Kit Clarke was in Pittsburg on Aug. 31, on business pertaining to Forepaugh's Show.....Treasurer Robert McAndis returned from New York on Aug. 31."

THE CONCERT at the Central Theatre, Baltimore, Md., underwent great change on Aug. 30, the following new people appearing on that date: J. B. Johnson, man-fish; King Sarbro, in his thrilling slide for life; Cool Burgess, who sang and talked in his funny manner; Jeanie Engle, in her vocal gems; Neil Conway, in Irish jigs and reels to the accompaniment of the bag-pipes in the hands of Dan Kerrigan; Pamelie Davenport, who sang some popular airs; Hurley and Marr, in their songs-and-dances; John H. Carle, who performed some funny banjo-solos and songs to the great amusement of the audience; J. H. Fitzpatrick and Minnie Jackson, in the sketch termed "The Mad Poet;" W. B. Cowan, in the Mad Poet's role was very amusing, and his appearance was the signal for applause and laughter. The departures Sept. 4 were J. B. Johnson, to Philadelphia; Billy Carroll, to New York; Giovanni, to Washington; and Fanny Davenport. George K. Fortescue, in "Cinderella," and Estil Josephs open Sept. 6. Business fair.....The new faces at the Odeon on Aug. 30 were Lizzie Byron, a fine vocalist, who was received with applause, and Dody Zanfretta, a graceful dancer. The departures were Lillie Linden, to the Canique, Washington, D. C., and Sheffer and Nelson, to Cumberland, Md. For Sept. 6: Zoe De Forrest, Dick Durand, Carrie Gardner, Maud Lemoine and James Welch. Business fair. During the performance on Saturday night, Lillie Linden was presented with a handsome gold medal by her Baltimore friends. The presentation speech was made by Stage-manager Buckley, and Miss Linden responded with a few suitable remarks.....There were no new people at the Centennial Varieties on Aug. 30. Lou Edwards, Lou Johnson, Johnny Brassel and Dan Leake were announced, but did not appear. It is stated that they will show up Sept. 6. The Morris Brothers, to Cumberland, Md., were the only departures. Business fair. Letter of Sept. 5.

THE NEW FACES at Smith's Opera-house, East Saginaw, Mich., Sept. 2, were Lizzie Shelton, Lillian Howard, Amelia Dean and Chas. O. White. Mr. White took the part of Barney Purcell as stage manager, and a change for the better is observable. Miss Dean's dancing is very clever. Miss Shelton's dancing and vocal efforts were well received. Closed Sept. 2: Emerson and Clarke, going to the Adelphi, Toledo, O. Business fair, in spite of counter attractions and hot weather. Address as card of Sept. 3.

THE CENTRAL ATTRACTION at the Metropolitan, Newark, N. J., the past week, were the Vaide Children, who, says our correspondent, are the best performers of their kind ever seen at this theatre. Miss Emily Prior's songs are well rendered. The Rogers Family gave satisfaction. Carrie Lavernie came in for her share of applause. Departures 3: Maud and Sam Sanyesh, to Enochs' Varieties, Philadelphia. Announced for 6 are Kitty Sharpe and Mons. Emil Guroux, juggler.

THE BOYLSTON MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., which recently changed hands, and which is now under the sole management of H. W. Maynard, with W. J. Stanton as stage-manager, has been presenting afternoon and evening, daily, the scenic drama of "Blue Beard." The prices of admission at this house are low, and, as an extra inducement, each purchaser of a ticket of admission is presented with a piece of Bohemian glassware. "Beauty and the Beast" is announced as in active preparation.....The artists engaged for the opening of the Howard Athenæum Sept. 6 are D. L. Morris, Lizzie Watson and Harry Braham, Tiernan and Cronin, J. L. Davis, Japanese Tommy, the Worrell Sisters, the Raymond Brothers, T. M. Hengler, the Cawthorne Children and Maffitt and Bartholomew.

B. C. HART, Bonnie Nelson, Sheppard and Whitney, Mlle. Beretta, with her trained dogs and canaries, and Eddie and Tommy Haley, were the appearances at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Aug. 30. Mr. Hart again resumes his duties as stage-manager. The act of Mlle. Beretta, with her dogs and birds, is very pleasing and much appreciated. Business good. The departures 4th were Abbie Farnsworth; Little Dot, to Toledo, O.; Will H. Vane, Hollenshead and Corey. Posters announce the opening of the Globe Theatre by Mr. John R. Fulton on Sept. 6.

PARKER AND DOGS open at the Tivoli Theatre, New York, Sept. 20, Providence, R. I., 27, and can be secured through their agent, Col. T. Allston Brown.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Detroit, Mich., was opened on Aug. 30 by Leon De Leon with the spectacular play of "The Ice Witch." The scenery was very good, being the same as exhibited in Chicago for the past few weeks with the same company, and which has been fully reviewed in THE CLIPPER. The specialties introduced were Harry Durr the man-fish, who still astonishes everyone in his unique act; Johnny Peasley and Mlle. Lea in a double jig, noticeable for the ease, grace and difficulty of steps of the performers; Peasley and Hughes, song-and-dance; Moulton and Aubrey's salamander leap through the fire hoop; and Eugene and Frank in a parlor-skating act, which was quite pleasing. "The Ice Witch" will be continued for another week, if business warrants. The opening night drew a large house, but since then the business has been lighter, although the exceedingly warm weather has had some effect to keep away the people. Correspondence dated Sept. 3.

NOTWITHSTANDING the strong opposition, a remunerative business was done at McCall's Opera-house, Albany, N. Y., during the past week. Master T. W. Hanshew, the opening dramatic attraction, who was announced to be retained during the past week, left after his first performance, he failing to satisfy Mr. McCall. Manager McCall appeared several times during the week in the standard dramas of "St. Patrick's Eve," "The Maniac," and "True as Steel." The stock company attached to this theatre work together nicely. The variety attractions, consisting of Joe and May McBride, Andy and Alida Showers, Charles and Marion Young, and Fitzgerald and Ryan were warmly received, the two last named making a positive hit. The departures Sept. 4 were the Youngs, to Troy; Fitzgerald and Ryan, to join E. S. Washburn; and Andy and Alida Showers, destination unknown. The following are announced to open 6: The St. Felix Ballet Troupe, Archie White and Ella Esmond, Petzie Goshau, Seamon and Somers, and W. T. Melville in his drama of "Smoke." Advices of Sept. 5.

MISS ADELAIDE NIXON, eldest daughter of James M. Nixon, the well-known circus-manager, and at present director of amusements with Barnum's Roman Hippodrome, died at the residence of Harry Enochs, No. 1,906 North Eleventh-street, Philadelphia, at half-past six o'clock in the evening of Sept. 4, from the effects of an apoplectic stroke on Thursday morning last. Some few years ago she suffered from a paralytic stroke, which almost deprived her of the use of her limbs. Her last appearance on the stage was as a vocalist at the New Idea, corner of Eleventh and Wood streets, Philadelphia, closing an engagement there Aug. 28. She was in the twenty-seventh year of her age, having been born in this city in 1848. She made her debut at an very early age in the circus arena, and for several years appeared as a dancer and impersonator of principal characters in equestrian spectacles in which the various personages were impersonated by children. In 1864 she made her first appearance as a vocalist at R. W. Butler's Music Hall, No. 444 Broadway, and Gossler's New Bowery, remaining during the season, meeting with much favor, until sickness caused her to temporarily retire from the stage for a time. Resuming her profession, she visited New Orleans, La., and performed for some time at the Academy of Music. Later she visited Havana, Cuba, with Chiarini's Circus company, and remained there some years. While there she was stricken with paralysis, as above stated. She then returned to New York, where she remained for some time in retirement; and, after recovering the partial use of her limbs, fulfilled engagements in various variety theatres throughout the country. Her funeral will take place from Mr. Enochs' residence on Wednesday, Sept 8.

VARIETY PERFORMERS are advertised for by the manager of the Boylston Museum, Boston, Mass.

H. VICTORELLI advertises for first-class artists.

A LADY VOCALIST is wanted for the Theatre Comique, Cumberland, Md. See card.

SERIO-COMIC VOCALISTS and a song-and-dance lady are wanted at Wagner's Varieties, Omaha, Neb. Address as per advertisement.

THE BRAHAMS, musical-sketch artists, can be engaged through their agents, Messrs. Simmonds & Wall.

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., insert cards in our business department, to which we refer our readers.

M. B. LEAVITT starts upon the road Sept. 13 for a four weeks' tour with an entertainment to be given by Mme. Rentz's Female Minstrels, and Miss Fanny Herring, who will act the chief character in "False Colors, or Who's to Win?" The company will include Albert and Jennie Lamont, gymnasts; Lew and Pauline Parker, California sketch-artists; Miss Emily Pryor, vocali-t; Viola Clifton, change-artist; Miss Hattie Forrest, serio-comic; Mlle. Mahretta, classical statuary; Minnie Hall, swell and coon vocalist; Lulu Mortimer, balladist; Blanche Fraser, soubrette; and Fanny Logan, character. H. E. Manchester will be the agent, and the opening show will be given at Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Route: Hudson 14, Albany 15, Saratoga 16, Utica 17, Watertown 18.

THE ALHAMBRA THEATRE, Chicago, Ill., was closed Sept. 4 for a short season for repairs, etc.

HARRIGAN AND HART are very favorably spoken of by the Albany and Troy press, as will be seen by extracts in another column. They perform at Binghamton, N. Y., Sept. 7, Scranton, Pa., 8, Danville 9, Harrisburg 10, 11.

THE ARNOLD VARIETIES, Syracuse, N. Y., under the proprietorship of Harry Armstrong, with Miles Morris stage-manager, is open for the season. The management advertise elsewhere for artists of ability.

HATTIE HAWTHORNE is requested to send her address to Dan Shelby, as per card.

WALTER GALE, change-artist, opens at Metropolitan Hall, Newark, N. J., Sept. 13.

LANE AND WEAVER, dramatic and variety agents, advertise the Empire Children in their instrumental duets, etc.; and Chas H. Adams, clown and pantomimist, in his bottle act, as open for engagements.

LEVANTINE AND EARLE and Worden and Mack are requested by Charley Shay to telegraph as per card.

TONY PASTOR'S COMBINATION is to appear at Bridgeport, Ct., on Sept. 13.

THE ARNOLD BROTHERS' COMBINATION, consisting of Nora Campbell, Ida St. Clare, Lou Stetson, Rina Laurent, Charles W. Young, George Warren and the three Arnold Brothers, are to perform in Middletown, N. Y., Sept. 6, 7, Goshen, N. J., 8, 9, Paterson 10, 11, Rondout, N. Y., 13, 14.

A GOOD DANSEUSE and ladies for the ballet can find engagements at the Queen's Theatre, Toronto, Canada. The managers advertise open dates for sensation stars, specialty artists, etc.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE Providence, R. I., opened its doors for the second season Aug. 30 to a fine house, with an average good business the rest of the week. The company embraced Jerry Cohan, an old favorite, who each evening forced to reply to three and four recalls; Harris and Carroll, who presented their sketch of "The Slave's Return" to loud applause; those graceful little dancers, the French Twins; Miss Iona Lang, who appears to much better advantage in comic and burlesque songs than in those of the sentimental order; P. Hughes, a fair jig-dancer; the Ifferd Sisters in musical specialties; Gussie Crayton, a character artist; and James Mass, who possesses a fair singing voice. The only departure 4 was Jerry Cohan. He appears at a Catholic Church fair this week. James Kelly and Helen Revere are announced to open 6. Advices of Sept. 5.

T. M. HENGLER, song-and-dance artist, in his new specialties, is thus spoken of by *The Baltimore News:*

"T. M. Hengler, the song-and-dance man, concluded a very successful engagement at the New Central last night and goes hence to Boston. He has long stood, with his former partner, Delehanty, in the front rank of his line of business, and since their dissolution his popularity continues unabated.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS, under the management of Harry J. Clapham, occupied Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., during the week ending Sept. 4, to a splendid business throughout the week. The entertainments are refined and chaste, and the instrumental and vocal music is of a high standard. The end-business of Milt G. Barlow and Geo. Wilson is original, fresh and sparkling. In the olio, Edwin French does some excellent things upon the banjo. Primrose and West in eccentric songs-and-dances, and as clog-dancers, can hardly be surpassed. Burton Stanley as an impersonator of the female serio-comic vocalist in white face is astonishingly natural. Frank Bell's stump-speech was about the only weak point in the performance. Owing to serious illness, D. L. Morris was prevented from joining the party in this city, as advertised. The route ahead is Columbus, O., Sept. 6, Ottawa, Ill., 13, Cincinnati, O., 20, Indianapolis 27, one week in each city. Advices of Sept. 5.

CALLENDER'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS are to show in Manchester, N. H., Sept. 6, Concord 7, Nashua 8, Lowell, Mass., 9, Salem 10, Lynn 11.

CAL WAGNER'S MINSTRELS entertained the public of Erie, Pa., Sept. 3. Cleveland O., 4, going thence to Norwalk 6, Toledo 7, Detroit, Mich., 8, Pontiac 9, Flint 10, East Saginaw 11.

JAMES WAMBOLD, Ethiopian comedian and banjoist, who has been confined in the Asylum for the Insane in Newark, N. J., for the past six months, is pronounced incurable by the physicians attending him.

WILLIAM A. MARA'S Georgia Minstrels were at East Saginaw, Mich., Sept. 2, Saginaw City 3, Bay City 4, and are to perform at Owassa 6, Ionia, 7.

MANAGER STEEL of the Grand Opera-house, Reading, Pa., is engaged organizing a minstrel company of twenty-three performers.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY'S MINSTRELS inaugurated their Fall and Winter season at the Eleventh-street Opera-house, Philadelphia, on Aug. 30, before a very large audience, the attendance continuing good throughout the week. The auditorium now presents a light and cheerful aspect, the decorations being elegant and the colors so well chosen and blended as to produce a gay and lively effect. Matt Wheeler and A. J. Talbot, who were the end-men in the first part, sang their respective ballads of "Bar de News" and the "Henderson Gaurds," with much humor. J. L. Carncross' singing of "The Letter in the Candle" proved so acceptable that he was compelled to repeat it nightly, the same honor being awarded to Fred Walz for his neat and facile execution of the ballad "Nellie's Secret." In the olio the Daly Brothers proved themselves clever song-and-dance men, and met with a warm reception. Bobby Newcomb's sketches of "Our American Rifle-team" and "Stage-struck," and his song-and-dance "Forget Me Not," also met with liberal approval. Harry Lehr, E. F. Dixey, Matt Wheeler, and James Quinn were very amusing as "The Police Pets," and A. J. Talbot delivered a humorous burlesque speech.

WHITMORE & CLARK'S MINSTRELS are to show in Bennington, Vt., in 1841 "The Boarding School," and in 1846 "The Round of Wrong," being performed at the Haymarket; in 1845 the drama of "Blanche de Talmy," at the Princess' Theatre; and in 1848 the play of "The Passing Cloud," at Drury-lane. In 1854 and 1856 he wrote for the Haymarket "The Balance of Comfort" and the comedy of "The Evil Genius," followed by that of "The Tide of Time" and the drama of "A Life's Trial." In 1857 he became a theatrical critic of *The Weekly Dispatch*, and after an eight years' cessation from his dramatic labors he returned to them in 1868, furnishing the adaptation of "Faust" to the Drury-lane. He had written, besides, a couple of novels, a mass of magazine matter, and contributions of all kinds to the metropolitan press; whilst in respect to his dramas, many of which were written for America, and not half of them published, we may mention that one of his latest productions, "The Doge of Venice," which forms the 114th. His latest work was "The Life of Samuel Lover." Mr. Bayle Bernard enjoyed the esteem of a large circle of friends, and he has left behind him a widow and a youthful daughter to mourn an irreparable loss.

"THE SILVER BULLET," a new drama by William Seaman, was produced at the Alhambra, London, Aug. 16. The scene is laid in the fifteenth century, and the interest of the play springs from the murder of Pierre Fripont, a head-ranger, whose post has been long coveted by Jerome Fleury, a sort of Caspar, whose only merit is that he has the surest aim of any of the foresters. Jerome Fleury has taken a silver bullet cast at the shrine of Saint Hubert. The old legend of Saint Hubert, so graphically alluded to by Senancour in his romance of "Obermann," is evidently the basis of the drama, and this silver bullet has some magical properties. If used unlawfully to cause the death of a human being, the bullet will eventually cause the death of the assassin. There has been a fierce wolf in the forest, and Jerome, in pretending to kill it, has shot Pierre with the silver bullet, but as yet his crime is only suspected by his wife, Fanchette, who is terribly agitated by her desire to do justice without sacrificing her husband to the vengeance of the law. Meanwhile the guilty Jerome is so successful that the Prince, his master, invites him to chase the wolf so much dreaded by the people, and promises high rewards and the post lately occupied by the murdered man. Jerome is not particular to trifles, and easily finds another wolf, which he pretends is the one that has committed such ravages. But when the wolf is about to be skinned as a trophy there arises the ghost of the murdered Pierre, and the body of the wolf disappears instantly. This scene was so well managed that a hearty burst of applause rewarded the performers. But this is not the "first appearance" nor the last of the ghost. He is here, there, and everywhere. He appears to shock the assassin on several occasions, and at last, when the guilty Jerome is about to be invested as head-ranger at the shrine of Saint Hubert, the ghost takes the rifle which was to be used to prove the new ranger's skill, and the "silver bullet" becomes an instrument of vengeance.

MUSICAL.

HERR HERMANN HARTEL, head of the publishing house of Breitkopf & Hartel, Leipzig, Germany, died Aug. 4. He will be succeeded by his brother and partner, Raymond Hartel, the Breitkopfs having left the firm years ago.

MESDAMES NILSSON and Marie Roze-Perkins, Maurice Strakosch, Herr Tamberlik, Signor Nicolini, Prof. Perkins, M. Jourdan and others were at the Bains du Mont Dore, France.

MADAME PATTI lately gave a concert at Dieppe, France, for the benefit of the sufferers by the Normandy inundations, and of the widows of the sailors of Dieppe. All the tickets, at 20f. each, were sold before the concert was advertised.

THE PARIS OPERA COMIQUE opened for the season Aug. 16 with "La Fille du Regiment" and "Richard Cœur de Lion."

MLLE. DE RESZKE made a hit as Mathilde in "Guillaume Tell" at the Paris Grand Opera Aug. 16.

LEON E. ESCUDIER has leased the Theatre Italiens, Paris, where "Aida" will be produced April 1, 1876, Signor Muzio of New York conductor.

THE KING of Bavaria is to personally superintend the reorganization of the Conservatoire of Wurzburg. "Der Freischutz" opens the season at the Imperial Opera, Berlin, Prussia, Aug. 13.

VARIETY HALLS.

MISS BLANCHE STANLEY was at the Pavilion Music Hall, Sheffield, at last accounts.

THE ENGAGEMENT of Chesvers and Kennedy, "the Buffalo Boys," at the New Star Music Hall, Liverpool, Eng., was postponed on account of the illness of the latter. Rheumatism was the cause of it.

BILLY ASHCROFT, Jolly Nash, Harry Rickards, Sidney Franks, the Weston Sisters, Nelson and Sons, and Canfield and Booker are performing in the London music halls, the two last-named being also still connected with the Moore & Burgess Minstrels.

J. H. MILBURN is "doing" the provinces, and is a welcome visitor everywhere.

MISCELLANEOUS.

E. JULIAN advertises for magic lantern or stereopticon slides.

MAGIC LANTERNS, sciopticons, slides, etc., can be purchased at T. J. Harbach's establishment, advertised in another column.

CLAYVILLE'S OPERA HALL, Lake City, Fla., will be completed and open for rental after Oct. 1. The hall is situated in a town of about 2,000 inhabitants, and the proprietor states in his card some of the advantages of this section of country, believing it would pay a small troupe to make this a stopping-place.

THE PRIVILEGES at Dauphin Co., Pa., Fair, to be held Sept. 14, 15, 16, 17, can be secured by applying to D. P. Sulouff, who advertises.

SIGNOR Bosco the wizard performed in Brookville, Pa., Aug. 30, Sept. 1, Reynoldsville 2, 3, 4, and will show at Clarion 6, 7, 8.

CHAS. MEYER, wig-maker, advertises his stock of wigs, whiskers, make-up materials, etc.

SAM. C. ALLEN, programmer, can be engaged after Oct. 1. See advertisement.

J. BRUCE, show-painter, advertises his studio in another column.

CALCIUM LIGHTS can be rented or purchased from Heinz & Co., who advertise.

W. J. GUMMING states through our advertising department that he has re established himself in Chicago, Ill., and is prepared to execute all kinds of show-painting, paint theatrical scenery, etc.

BECK BROTHERS' PAVILION SHOW commenced a season of one week in Trenton, N. J., Sept. 1.

"HOP TOM-TOM" and "Humpty-Dumpty-Jill" Pantomime Troupe is to begin an engagement of six nights and one matinee at the Opera-house, Columbus, O., Sept. 6.

COL. T. ENSON, business and advance agent, whose address find in another column, will be at liberty Sept. 10.

HARRY WESTON, business agent, advertises that he is disengaged.

PROF. TOBIN inserts a card in our business department cautioning the public against imitators of his original entertainment.

GEORGE W. STEVENS, who advertises, wants to purchase a panorama.

JOHN M. BURKE and Miss Annie Irish (Mrs. Burke), with their Mirror of Ireland, occupied Beethoven Hall, Boston, Mass., during the past week.

THE MILTONIAN TABLEAUX OF "PARADISE LOST" are advertised to be at Ford's Opera-house, Washington, D. C., Sept. 9, 10, 11.

THEODORE TILTON is engaged by the American Literary Bureau to lecture at Port Jervis, N. Y., Sept. 15, Middletown 16, Hudson 17, Glen's Falls 18, Poughkeepsie 20, Syracuse 21, Binghamton 22.

GEN. KILPATRICK lectures, under the auspices of the American Literary Bureau, at Nicholson, Pa., Sept. 16.

SNAKES can be obtained of J. Kennedy, who advertises.

A PANORAMA of Ireland is offered for sale in a card in another column.

DR. METCHEAR'S COMBINATION starts on a tour of the fair circuit at Manchester, N. H., Sept. 7, continuing there 8, 9, 10, thence to Rutland, Vt., 14, 15, 16, 17, Portland, Me., 21, 22, 23, 24, Taunton, Mass., 28, 29, 30, Hartford, Ct., Oct. 5, 6, 7, 8. The curiosities are J. W. Sprague, living skeleton; Col. R. Steere, little man; Zelene Bader, Circassian girl; Prof. Hasson, Punch-and-Judy; Dr. Richards in a decapitation feat; and a boa-constrictor. Two tents will be used.

THE OPENING of the opera-house, Evansville, Ind., has been postponed until Oct. 4, and the management desire to engage a combination to play on that occasion. See card.

G. W. H., whose address find in another column, offers curiosities, etc., for sale.

ROBINSON'S OPERA-HOUSE, Cincinnati, O., is advertised to rent.

MOBILE THEATRE, Ala., is open for rental through D. Bidwell, who advertises.

AMATEUR.

THE WHEATLEY DRAMATIC ASSOCIATION of Philadelphia inaugurated the season of 1875–76 on the 1st of September by the performance of Reynolds' comedy of "The Dramatist." The cast included Mrs. Chas. Henri as Louisa Courtney, Miss Stelfox as Lady Waitford, Miss Merrill as Marianne, Mr. J. Brooks as Vapid, Mr. D. W. Fanshaw as Lord Scratch, and Mr. E. E. Hulfish Jr. as Peter, all ably and intelligently sustaining their respective characters. On the 8th inst. the comedy of "Leap Year" will be presented.

FOREIGN SHOW NEWS.

DRAMATIC.

THEATRICAL AFFAIRS in London were at a low ebb at last advices, and the playgoers whom business duties or lack of funds prevented from transplanting themselves to one or other of the seaside resorts had to be content with time-worn attractions. A better state of affairs is not anticipated before the close of the summer season.

WM. BRONSON, long identified with the Adelphi Theatre, Liverpool, Eng., proposes to transform Ebenezer Chapel, in Toxteth Park, into a theatre; but, in consequence of the opposition of the inhabitants in the neighborhood, it was doubtful if a theatrical license could be obtained, in which event the building would be opened as a music hall.

MADAME SOPHIE HAMET of the Porte St. Martin Theatre, Paris, whose name was made quite famous by her last creation—La Frochard in "The Two Orphans"—died recently, aged 60, after an illness of several months.

JAMES HERNE, long connected with the Theatre Royal, Southampton, England, and latterly manager and stage-director at Gordon's Music Hall, died Aug. 14, of typhoid fever, aged 32.

W. R. CLOSE, late lessee of theatres in various provincial towns, died at Ulverston Aug. 6, aged 39.

MISS NORTH CLARA, a young child connected with the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, died Aug. 4.

J. K. EMMET has repeated his former success in Liverpool, where he opened in "Fritz" at the Alexandra Aug. 16, for a week.

MISS LYDIA THOMPSON and troupe were amusing the Liverpudlians with the burlesque of "Blue Beard" at the Prince of Wales, opening Aug. 16 with increased prices.

THOMAS CHART, many years treasurer of the Brighton (Eng.) Theatre, died of dropsy Aug. 19.

CONCERNING the William Barry Bayle Bernard, whose demise we recorded in a past issue, we have the following additional particulars. He was the son of an eminent English comedian and manager, and was born in Pleasant street, Boston, U. S., on the 27th of November, 1809, during his father's management of the Boston Theatre, but was brought over to England with his family in 1820, and finished his education at what was then called a "Latin Grammar Academy" at Uxbridge. He went to Boulogne with his family in 1823, and there, at sixteen, commenced his literary labors as amanuensis to Charles Barthelmy, the son of the author of "The Travels of Anacharsis," who wrote a history of Boulogne in French, which the young assistant translated into English. In 1826 he obtained a clerkship in the "Army Accounts Office." In 1827 he produced his first drama at the old Olympic Theatre, when under the management of Mr. Scott. This was a nautical piece, entitled "Casco Bay," for which he was paid the sum of £3, and on the one hundredth night of its run (it reached 140) he received £2 more, to prompt him to further exertions. In 1828 he produced his first novel, "The Freebooter's Bride," in five volumes. In 1829 he wrote the first memoranda which had been left by his father his "Retrospections of the Stage," and joined the metropolitan press, writing for the *Morning Post* and other papers. In 1830 he commenced his toils as a professed dramatist, under the theatrical triumvirate of Lee, Malone and Chapman, at the Tottenham-street Theatre, producing a drama called "The Metempsychosis," and a number of farces. In 1831 he wrote for the Strand Theatre, on its opening under Lee & Rayner, "The Four Sisters," and other pieces for Weylett. In 1832 he wrote, for Madame Vestris, at the Olympic, "The Dumb Belle" and other pieces, and also furnished the drama of "Rip Van Winkle" to the Adelphi. In 1833 Mr. Bayle Bernard wrote several American dramas for Mr. Hackett, and "The Mummy" and "The Nervous Man." In 1836 he produced "Lucille" at the Lyceum, which was followed by "The Farmer's Story," "The Middy Ashore," and "The Man About Town," and the same year he wrote some American farces. In 1837 he furnished Madame Celeste with "St. Mary's Eve," which was followed by "Maria Decange." In 1839 he wrote for Mr. Power "His Last Legs" and "The Irish Attorney." In 1841 "The Boarding School," and in 1846 "The Round of Wrong," being performed at the Haymarket; in 1845 the drama of "Blanche de Talmy," at the Princess' Theatre; and in 1848 the play of "The Passing Cloud," at Drury-lane. In 1854 and 1856 he wrote for the Haymarket "The Balance of Comfort" and the comedy of "The Evil Genius," followed by that of "The Tide of Time" and the drama of "A Life's Trial." In 1857 he became a theatrical critic of *The Weekly Dispatch*, and after an eight years' cessation from his dramatic labors he returned to them in 1868, furnishing the adaptation of "Faust" to the Drury-lane. He had written, besides, a couple of novels, a mass of magazine matter, and contributions of all kinds to the metropolitan press; whilst in respect to his dramas, many of which were written for America, and not half of them published, we may mention that one of his latest productions, "The Doge of Venice," which forms the 114th. His latest work was "The Life of Samuel Lover." Mr. Bayle Bernard enjoyed the esteem of a large circle of friends, and he has left behind him a widow and a youthful daughter to mourn an irreparable loss.

CIRCUSES.

JAMES CORRIGAN, supposed to be with some circus, is informed that his aged parents in Newark, N. J., are anxious to hear from him.

JOHN ROBINSON'S CIRCUS is to show in Indianapolis, Ind., Sept. 14.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S CIRCUS AND MENAGERIE are to be exhibited at Canfield, O., Sept. 6, Newton Falls 7, Burton 8, Painesville 9, Geneva 10, Jefferson 11.

JOHN H. MURRAY'S CIRCUS is to show at Cape May, N. J., Sept. 6, Millville 7, Bridgeton 8, Salem 9, Glassboro 10, Camden 11.

MELVILLE MAGINLEY & COOKE'S CIRCUS is billed at Millville, N. J., Sept. 9, Bridgeton 10, Salem 11, Glassboro 13, Camden 14.

MONTGOMERY QUEEN'S CIRCUS is billed at Erie, Pa., Sept. 10, Buffalo, N. Y., 13, 14, Batavia 15, Rochester 16, 17, Canandaigua 18, Geneva 20, Seneca Falls 21, Auburn 22, Clyde 23, Newark 24.

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